The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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Archbishop-Elect Spellman

IN POPULATION, wealth, difficulty of administration, the Archdiocesan See of New York is the most important, with the possible exception of Chicago, in the United States. The New York Archdiocese has living within it Catholics of every race and national origin—a people more polyglot than probably exists in any other city of the world. Those of Irish, German and Italian descent predominate; but there are Chinese, Syrians, Portuguese, Spanish, Polish, Russian—every sort of Catholic imaginable, and not all of the Latin Rite. To be spiritual head of such a community is indeed a responsibility that taxes the imagination. Without exception all the recent Archbishops of New York have been natives of their great city; there had almost come to be a traditional mode of succession. The Church does not like such traditions to become established, outside canon law, and it was to be expected that an archbishop from without the metropolitan area would be chosen to succeed our late beloved Cardinal Hayes. Those who enjoyed guessing at the mind of the Holy Father did not, many of them, guess that Bishop Spellman would be his choice, although his name was several times mentioned, yet in retrospect one cannot help seeing how logical a choice it was. Bishop Spellman is uniquely close in his association with the present Holy Father; he is a man of wide experience outside the United States, a linguist, particularly suited to the administration of so mixed a diocese. His administrative work has been under Cardinal O'Connell, who is justly celebrated for his skill in this department. One cannot help wondering whether there is another prelate in this country who holds an airplane pilot's license! Archbishop-elect Spellman must leave the Athens of America, the Hub of the Universe, to come to megalopolis. He will find it less peaceful, but his people will try to make up for the loss of quiet and repose by intense loyalty and devotion. To our own new Ordinary we can only add our own pledge of both.

America's Greatest See

Prospects of Trade by Barter

THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS of the big deal proposed between the United States and England, Holland and Belgium are a minor consideration; the possession of essential raw materials in war time is the negotiators' main purpose. Yet the prospect of disposing of our huge cotton and wheat surpluses is a welcome one for the United States. The European governments have to purchase the rubber and tin from international cartels which would stand to profit from high wartime prices. Also, because of their present adjustment of production to demand, they are none too eager to contract for stepping up production at present prices. But the fear of war brushes aside such obstacles; Britain, Holland and Belgium seem anxious to conclude a large scale barter arrangement with us. And even if the United States were not drawn into a war, our peacetime activities might be badly hampered if the usual two to four months of supply of rubber and tin was all that was on hand when blockades of any dimensions were laid down. On the other hand the existence of unfulfilled contracts to deliver cotton and wheat abroad might be the very means of drawing us into a European war, when the opposing side started sinking vessels. Even if provisions for shipping in foreign bottoms should war break out were included in the agreements, the attempt to blockade American ports would surely draw us in. The dangers should be weighed before the desire to get rid of farm surpluses carries all before it.

For War and Business

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From a business point of view barter is a different question. It is a mistake to conclude that such an exchange would have the characteristics of the German-Italian brand, which not only disrupts whatever international flow of goods there is left, but by spasmodic purchases of the entire output of a smaller country's production in certain raw materials and the piling up of unpaid balances that must be liquidated by the purchase of manufactured goods tends toward economic domination and political control. There are many conceivable occasions when trade by barter would be of decided mutual benefit. At the moment autarchy and rearmament have brought world trade to an enfeebled state; as a result whole nations are becoming even more desperately impoverished. The war scare must be dissipated and armaments reduced and vast bodies of men returned to productive enterprise. But any means of achieving this must include the revival of international trade. In the past three years the United States has increased its exports to the sixteen countries with which it has concluded reciprocal trade agreements by 39.8 percent over the 1934-5 average. But Germany's exports to these countries showed only a 1.8 percent increase. Reciprocal trade agreements have demonstrated their worth, but the right kind of barter has possibilities that must be explored for getting around exchange difficulties and financial control and replacing some of the lost world exchange of goods.

Executives' Eye View of Consumers

THE EDITORIAL STAFF of the genuinely interesting magazine, *Business Week,* has just issued a "report to executives" about the "Consumer Movement." It proves instructive to a consumer to know how an enlightened American executive might be advised to look upon him and his "organized discontent." The article indicates that the direction of the consumer movement is toward true grading marks on labels certified by reliable standards organizations. This seems so sound a goal that it is difficult to find any other objections than the one brought up in this charming sentence: "The grade labeling program of the consumer movement arouses the understandable opposition of magazine and newspaper publishers who fear that if the program should succeed the consumer would be tempted to buy solely on the basis of price and grade comparison and would not therefore be as responsive as at present to other product virtues detailed in advertising—unmeasurable virtues like style and flavor, for example." The report shows how difficult and devious is the road to grading.

Organized Discontent

Cooperatives are in the consumer movement. The short treatment they receive in this report is based on the fact that in the United States co-ops do only about 1.5 percent of the total retail business. But, "in Europe the cooperative movement *is* the consumer movement." Consumers cooperation, and producers' cooperation to a lesser degree, is a different form of economics than the dominant American system, although not exclusive and not revolutionary in immediate effect. It is most likely through cooperation that the consumer movement can most effectively influence the whole of American economy. One aspect of the consumer movement, including the cooperative wing, which *Business Week* reports to executives, seems dangerously reactionary—in spite of the charges of radicalism and socialism hurled at organized consumers and also boasted of by many of the Fabian Socialist cooperators in England and other European countries. This aspect is the too narrow concentration on low prices, the too uncritical endorsement of Adam Smith's dictum: "Consumption is the sole end and purpose of all production; and the interest of the producer ought to be attended to, only so far as it may be necessary for promoting that of the consumer." Here is an unreal separation between man as producer and man as consumer, an unsound insistence on getting your money's worth, underplaying the problem of getting your money at all, a careless acceptance of monstrous industrialism, centralized distribution and centralized control.

Interest in the Productive Home Is Growing

THE SUBURBS of our large American cities are commonly described as places with all of the disadvantages of the city and none of the advantages of the country. Certainly the pattern of life which crystallized in the boom years of the 20's on the fringes of our metropolitan centers was far from inspiring. Here "keeping up with the Joneses" has its heyday; here too time-killers like mah-jong, monopoly, jigsaw puzzles, ouija boards and Chinese checkers have their moments in the sun. Bridge, auction or contract, duplicate or for the fun of it, has continued to while away many an otherwise listless afternoon or evening. Since the outbreak of the depression the passive entertainment of movies and radio has played an increasingly important rôle, but in other respects a reaction has set in. Suburbanites have been turning to less expensive and more satisfying activities, to such simple tasks as raking leaves and trimming shrubs, developing lawns and raising flowers. This trend has developed to the point where backyard farming (both flowers and vegetables) consumed about $100,000,000 worth of seeds last year.

More Goods for Less Cash

The culmination of this encouraging development is the productive home, within commuting distance of place of business. This type of home would have as an absolute minimum a large enough garden plot to raise the vegetables consumed by the family together with the necessary canning

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and storing facilities. It might well include the raising of poultry and joint ownership of a cow. At best it would compass enough ground to include some woodland for fuel purposes. The house itself would include a well-lighted workshop where cloth might be woven and furniture built and all sorts of useful handiwork turned out. An instance of the growing interest in this type of activity was the success of the Productive Home exhibit just held in Wanamaker's Department Store in New York, which included "55 prize-winning plans showing how you can earn about $400 extra, every year, in your own productive home." Many people are appalled at the prospect of weaving their own cloth, baking their own bread, growing and putting up their own vegetables, but if they accept the fact that perfection requires time, they will find it great fun to learn. The less helpless suburbanites and former city dwellers become, the more they will find they can do with substantially less cash. Money will no longer exert such pressure; and life will be enriched in the process.

In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found an account of the juvenile sports which have long been traditional for Americans; increasingly the urbanization of life makes it impossible for them to continue to be so, except through formal organizations which make them available to the city dweller. And of these the chief and the most effective is scouting. It is well known that the Boy Scout movement began in England; it is not so well known that the founder, Lord Baden-Powell, submitted his program to the Benedictines and to Cardinal Bourne for their advice. When scouting came to America, it was not at once taken up by the Church, but as time went on and as the problems offered by urbanization centered episcopal attention on youth and the evil effects of city life upon youth, more and more Catholic interest was gradually aroused. In 1928 Bishop Sheil of Chicago initiated the Catholic Youth Organization, building it upon a foundation of scouting. In 1933 the Catholic Committee on Scouting drew up a careful plan for a national Catholic scout movement, working in union with the Boy Scouts of America, whose National Executive Board approved the plan. In the five following years the number of troops under Catholic leadership doubled—from 1,792 on June 30, 1933, to 3,519 on June 30, 1938. And now the Catholic Committee has prepared and published an exhaustive manual on the subject, "Scouting for Catholics," which is intended to answer any question an interested person might ask, from matters of organization to matters of history or philosophy. If you want to start a troop, here is the place to find how to do it. The booklet is dedicated "to Ralph J. Schoettle" of Philadelphia. "From four Scout Troops in which Mr. Schoettle has been especially interested there have have come 13 priests and 37 seminarians."

"Scouting for Catholics"

Colonel Lindbergh Returns

THE OLD DEBATES as to what is news has at least one fixed answer. Colonel Lindbergh is news. This cannot be denied even by those who sympathize fully with the difficulties of the Colonel's position as an irresistible yet strictly non-reciprocating attracter of the nation's spotlight. To one with the Colonel's immovable dislike for publicity—a dislike which seems like an instinct, too strong for his will, and which prevents him even from denying stories about himself that are false and damaging— this unsatiable curiosity about him may very conceivably seem a mere perversity of the public taste, a teasing crotchet deliberately kept up to make him uncomfortable. This is not the fact, however; and the situation which is bound to develop, now that the Colonel and his family are perforce back on their native shores, will lose a good deal of its tension and difficulty if he will resolutely remind himself that it is not the fact. The Colonel will be well advised—not, certainly, to feed himself to the crowd, but to realize the essential strain of hero-worship in the attitude directed toward him, and to the extent that he meets it at all, to meet it graciously. At the time of the tragic loss of his first child, publicity perpetrated every aggravation of that tragedy within its power. When his second son was only an infant, an uninvited and peculiarly inconsiderate effort to get news photographs of him drove the family abroad for an indefinite stay—and no intelligent adult can fail to understand the impulse behind that flight. Now Colonel Lindbergh is here again, summoned by the government to give his high abilities and exceptional experience to the aerial division of the national forces. He has deserved well of his country, and has returned to serve it. May he be allowed to do so in peace.

A Problem in Publicity

Suffer the Little Children

HARBORING the harborless is a corporal work of mercy much needed in practise these days. Not only are there thousands of homeless Americans, victims of bewildering social disorders, who wander over our land and have nowhere to lay their heads. There are thousands of foreign refugees cruelly driven from both home and country because of their belief or racial stock. If not justice, the universal precept of charity obliges us to succor these brethren in Christ. Christians, then, can only look with favor

Forbid Them Not

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upon the Wagner-Rogers bill, proposing to admit during the next two years 20,000 German refugee children under 14 years of age, and beyond the number permitted by the quota law. Naturally, method and organization must be foolproof lest a new and worse evil replace the evil already existing. We want no children's camps in this country. Yet some of the objections raised against this proposed legislation are strange indeed. The American Legion, composed of ex-service men who previously risked their lives to bring the blessing of democracy to the parents of these children, is now fearsome of adding another drop to our bucket of 130,000,000. Upholders of the quota law fear that this sacrosanct principle is about to be overthrown. They seem to forget that despite its enactment between 50 and 60 percent of the "desirable foreigners simply have refused our hospitality." Then, of course, there is the old bourgeois refrain from the Mayflower passengers down: "These newcomers will take the bread from our mouths." Will we never learn that pioneers, simply because they are pioneers, will do things that the assimilated stock turns down or overlooks? Are we nonetheless to act the dog in the manger? But apart from these naturalistic considerations, there is the obligation of Christian charity. If we can help, we are bound to suffer these little children to come unto us. The number involved is insignificant for us, but very great in the eyes of the unfortunate sufferers.

Stalin and the Nazis

THE THREE ARTICLES by W. G. Krivitsky, "former general in the Red Army" and head of the Military Intelligence Service of the Soviet Army in western Europe, published in the *Saturday Evening Post,* have been so sensational that it is hard to react quickly to them. The three of them display Stalin Russia as the worst organization yet worked out. Yet the Communist party press has shrugged off the articles, silently with the *Daily Worker,* unbelievably trivially with the *New Masses.* In the "great press" likewise there has been silence to the time of this writing, and we have seen no reaction from Germany. A passing reference or two and that is all. The articles are written with authority; names and dates are given which could be checked by informed groups with the proper resources; nothing is said which has not been guessed at before as logical. No one has the knowledge to say all the material is absolutely true, but no one has yet come forward with evidence to disprove it. It is the purely imperialistic character of contemporary Russia which is stressed. The much-declaimed "ideologies" are presented as tools of national governments intent on simple power. The Soviet Military Intelligence and the dreaded personal Ogpu of Stalin—international spy organizations—evidence a lofty and almost disinterested superiority toward the pitiful Communist International and its affiliated foreign Communist parties. United Fronts are supported from Russia only as they furnish to Stalin a tool for diplomatic maneuvering. It was to bourgeois "business" and the army that Stalin looked in Germany during his long courtship—now said to be successful—of Hitler, and not to the German Communist party. Stalin's rôle in Spain was utterly unmoral, according to any code of morality. Innumerable leads are given in the articles: the rôle of spies in international affairs, and the German-Japanese alliance, for instance, with the strangely exiled Wiedemann its agent in San Francisco.

Ideologies and Empires

The Royal Good-will Tour

HOLLYWOOD is said to be in possession of a hard-won principle to the effect that you can kill anything, from a story to a star, by talking too much about it. A faint adumbration of wonder begins to visit the mind of the newspaper reader as to whether this law, *mutatis mutandis,* will not eventually be seen to apply also to impending visits of royalty to these shores. It is said that the Paris excursion of King George and Queen Elizabeth last year met with a success that surprised everybody: the vast egalitarian population of Gaul greeted the British monarchs with spontaneous and affectionate enthusiasm. Can this have been perhaps because there was not so much preparation for the trip? We say this with no obliquity of intention toward the rulers in question, who are by every standard available for judging character a solid, sincere, duty-doing pair—just the sort of people, in fact, who *should* draw the nations closer by the personal bond. But it would be unfortunate if the precluding details, all carefully collected and put into print, were to sate the public to the point of being unable to react properly when the big moment arrives. We have had a good many of them, and each day brings more: the long debate, to curtsy or not to curtsy; the menus which the sovereigns will enjoy on shipboard, with accounts yet to come no doubt of all the other menus they will subsequently enjoy; the heralded arrival of Scotland Yard officials to insure the royal safety; the inventory of the queen's gowns and the time it takes to pack each one; the itinerary from Niagara Falls to Washington to Hyde Park, with names in full; the question of whether Mrs. Roosevelt or the London C.I.D. will assign the royal sleeping quarters in the White House; and so on. Fascinating as all this is, perhaps it is being just a bit too thoroughly done. If the British rulers are to burst upon us as the epitome of simple worth, it would be better in the long run just to let them burst.

Advance Notices Overdone?

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History and Hero Worship

IN ONE of the papers delivered at the last annual convention of the American Catholic Historical Association, the speaker declared that history teaching in our Catholic schools demands a "definite, unchangeable basis for teaching history," offering, presumably as a reason for this, the assumption that "some pressure groups, composed of either individuals or patriotic organizations, try to belittle the same figure of history that others try to uplift. If we had an invariable standard this would be avoided."

In our Catholic schools, as far as I know, teachers of history have a basis and that a very "definite, unchangeable" one—the principles of Christianity. In fact, upon these principles and upon these alone must their teaching of history be founded. Beyond this, Catholic history teachers must remain just as free as non-Catholic history teachers to interpret the past. To bind the Catholic history teacher, whether in the class room or in the public press, by any other than the "definite, unchangeable" set of Christian principles is to stifle progressive thought and to curb productive research in the field of history.

Moreover, who is to fix the "definite, unchangeable basis" that the speaker in question called for? Who would regard himself as so supremely efficient and so infallibly correct in the matter of historical interpretation as to undertake, either by himself or as a member of some standardizing committee, the fixing of such a basis and the imposition of it on all his colleagues in our Catholic schools? And, supposing such an all-knowing and infallible individual could be found or such a one-minded harmonizing committee could be organized—supposing this were possible and admissible, would all our teachers of history then adopt this individual's or this committee's interpretation? If not, what then? Who would there be to compel those who refused to follow the established basis?

The speaker in question was no doubt sincere in suggesting his idea and may personally have felt the need of such a basis for class room work. As a matter of fact, however, the call for a "definite, unchangeable basis for teaching history" in the sense explained not only manifests a simplicity that must evoke a smile but also reveals a tendency that must by all means be nipped in the bud, lest it gain support and do immeasurable harm by enticing easy-going teachers into a mental rut and by minimizing, if not actually undoing, the serious work of researchers in the field of Catholic history. Let us never forget Saint Augustine's *in necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas*—and let us never relinquish this sound principle.

There is some truth, to be sure, in the speaker's reference to "pressure groups" that "try to belittle the same figure of history that others try to uplift." This has happened in the past and it will happen in the future. Nor can it be otherwise. But the thing to be remembered is that history is a progressive science and must remain progressive if it is to be a science. Constant research and its resultant discoveries prevent mental stagnation in the important field of history where, as in every other science, the ultimate goal is truth.

Fundamentally, there is no such thing among real historians as "belittling" this or "uplifting" that figure of history. Whatever happens is merely the outcome of historical research and the inevitable result of the researcher's success in having his discoveries published. Whether the historical figure falls from his estate in the process or whether this same figure rises to a higher level in public esteem did not concern the researcher either at the outset nor in the progress nor in the outcome of his work. What the real historian wants and what in either instance he must have the courage to tell, even at the risk of opposition and criticism, is the truth regarding past events and personages. With him, fundamentally, nothing else counts, though a subsequent defense of his position and thesis against unjust attacks may create the impression that he is out to "try to belittle the same figure of history that others try [or have tried] to uplift." The true historian has no hero to glorify and no victim to vilify; his aim is to glorify truth and to vilify falsehood in matters of history.

The same principle or set of principles that must guide the activities of the research historian in his laboratory must guide also the history teacher in the class room. By one as much as by the other it should be regarded as morally wrong to suppress the truth, once it is discovered, and thereby to perpetuate a falsehood, no matter how long standing. History and hero worship simply don't mix, either in the laboratory of the historical researcher nor in the class room of the history teacher. The two are as opposite as the poles. Given one, the other falls.

Truth in presenting the past and Christian principles in interpreting the past can be for the Catholic historian and teacher of history the one and only guide, the one and only "invariable standard" of procedure. To call for and advocate the setting up of any other "invariable standard" whereby the "belittling" or "uplifting" of any historical figure "would be avoided" is not only a futile gesture and unscientific proposal but also a turn of thought that is positively dangerous and directly opposed to that academic freedom which Catholic doctrine and discipline stand for in the field of human science and knowledge.

FRANCIS BORGIA STECK, O.F.M.

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Catholics in Trade Unions

Christian labor leadership is impossible if there are no Christians trained to be leaders; here is an answer to the problem.

By John C. Cort

ON A SATURDAY afternoon in February, 1937, eleven men sat around the kitchen table at the Catholic Worker headquarters in New York, founded the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and plotted a revolution.

Don't be alarmed. It was not a violent revolution they plotted, although some might still tell you so. It was a revolution aimed at certain powerful ideas reigning then and now throughout America.

One of these was the idea that there must always be economic distress — unemployment, starvation wages and job insecurity. They hated this idea particularly, for experience had brought them into close and painful contact with its fruits. Most of them had watched good brains and muscle rotting away on the Catholic Worker bread-line for want of work. Two of them, Martin Wersing and Ed Squitieri, had associated in the utility workers' union with a man who was fired for union activity, couldn't get another job, finally went mad from despair and hung himself in the bathroom of a five-room tenement flat, leaving a sickly wife and seven small children. It was these two, incidentally, who first thought of starting the A.C.T.U.

Another idea that little group of Catholic trade unionists were out to "get" was the mass-production heresy that labor is a commodity like pig-iron and that men may rightly be enslaved to machines. Finally, they were determined to blow up the Marxist fabrication that always—now and forever—there must be conflict between labor and capital. They were out to burn down the barricades of class war in America.

We recognized, of course, that there was *in fact* a widespread class war going on, that in places open conflict had been replaced by little better than an armed truce, and that in few cases was there anything like a decent Christian harmony founded on justice. Where labor fought for a just cause (which was nearly everywhere) there was no doubt among us as to which side we were on. It was typical that one of the first things we did was to jump into the arena and back the miserably paid girls striking at the Woolworth and Grand five-and-ten-cent stores in New York. Also typical was the manner of this backing. We had decided to picket the big Woolworth store on Fourteenth Street off Union Square. There had been an item in the papers to the effect that Barbara Hutton wasn't so bad because she had given heavily to charity. Also the Holy Father had just written his splendid encyclical, "Divini Redemptoris." So we put the two together and produced a picket sign reading, "BABS GAVE $11,000,000 TO CHARITY, *BUT* 'THE WORKER IS NOT TO RECEIVE AS ALMS WHAT IS HIS DUE IN JUSTICE.'—Pope Pius XI." Maybe we were a little unfair to Babs, but the main thing is that we had put the Pope—perhaps for the first time—on an American picket line.

This was especially important, since we were convinced that in the labor encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI there was a program that would not only solve the problems of the American labor movement, but bring order out of chaos in American industry. The only thing required was that we apply this program with vigor, intelligence and Christian prudence.

And so the first few months of the A.C.T.U. saw a series of meetings that to some were pointless sessions of hair-splitting, but to most of us meant the essential job of hammering out a definite program based on the wisdom and experience of the Church. We conceived our primary objectives as identical with social justice viewed from a worker's angle and therefore reducible to certain basic rights and obligations that every worker shares by the very fact of his humanity.

This is how we put it:

> Basing our stand on the papal encyclicals, the writings of other recognized Catholic authorities, and the basic principles of common sense and justice, we believe that:
>
> The worker has a right to: (1) Job security. (2) Income sufficient to support himself and family in reasonable comfort. (3) Collective bargaining through union representatives freely chosen. (4) A share in the profits after just wages and a return to capital have been paid. (5) Strike and picket peacefully for just cause. (6) A just price for the goods he buys. (7) Decent working hours. (8) Decent working conditions.
>
> And that the worker has a duty to: (1) Perform an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. (2) Join a bona fide union. (3) Strike only for just cause

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and after all other legitimate means have been exhausted. (4) Refrain from violence. (5) Respect property rights. (6) Abide by the just agreements freely made. (7) Enforce strict honesty and a square deal for everybody inside his union. (8) Cooperate with decent employers who respect his rights to bring about a peaceful solution of industrial war by the setting up of guilds for the self-regulation of industry and producer-cooperatives in which the worker *shares as a partner* in the ownership, management or profits of the business in which he works.

Once the general platform had been constructed, the question remained: how were we going to get it across? How could we make these ideas vital to millions of American workers who had, for one reason or another, largely forgotten them?

One thing that was clear from the start was that we were not going to start a dual labor movement by setting up Catholic unions. In fact from the beginning our efforts have been in the opposite direction, working constantly to bring the AFL and CIO together into a powerful and harmonious unity. Our purpose then as now was to build an organization of Catholic men and women who were at the same time active members of the established CIO, AFL or independent unions.

In fact, we had already found a mandate for the A.C.T.U. in "Quadragesimo Anno," where Pius XI points out that "side by side with these trade unions [neutral unions such as we have in America] *there must always* be associations which aim at giving their members a thorough moral and religious training, that these in turn may impart to the unions to which they belong the upright spirit which should direct their entire conduct." This was written in 1931.

What the A.C.T.U. does

Of course, the A.C.T.U. does not at the present time attempt to give its members what is usually thought of in the expression "moral and religious training." We have had a number of corporate Communions; we belong to a monthly nocturnal adoration society; we have started annual retreats for workingmen. But our activity aims mostly at the elementary job of making some practical connection between Sunday Mass and week-day work. We feel that if we can show Catholic workers, in the simplest sort of way, the practical application of their Faith to their jobs and their trade unions, then we have laid the foundations for a "moral and religious training" that will mean something important, something dynamic in the best Christian sense.

Beside our weekly meetings, at which we discussed basic principles and current labor problems, there was a weekly study group on "Quadragesimo Anno." This was the beginning of our educational program. In November, 1937, working together with Fordham University, we opened our first free Catholic school for trade unionists. Father Boland, chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board, who combines to a happy degree knowledge of first principles with a wealth of labor experience, gave generously of his time to teach "Labor Relations." So also did Father Monaghan, our chaplain and inspiration from the beginning, who handled the basically important course in "Labor Ethics," and Professor Downing of Fordham, who lectured brilliantly on "Labor History."

The weekly classes were open to union men and women of every religious belief; and the object was always to reduce Catholic doctrine to common experience, apply it in a practical way to labor's past, present and future. Then, in order that, fortified with a sound theory and practise of unionism, our students might be able to get their stuff across in union meetings, we finished off with "Parliamentary Law and Public Speaking."

The Catholic labor school spread. Later the Jesuits opened one at Brooklyn Prep. and this year they have another at St. Francis Xavier High School in Manhattan. We not only have our original school in the Woolworth Building, but have added schools at St. Mark's in Harlem and St. Joseph's in the Bronx. A.C.T.U. branches in Boston, Philadelphia and Detroit have already started, or are about to start, similar schools, and we understand that recently no less than four labor schools were officially sponsored by the Archdiocese of Chicago.

Once the educational program had been launched, the need of a publication soon became evident—a paper written by and for trade unionists, containing an account of A.C.T.U. activities, commenting on labor affairs generally and giving clear, simple expression and application of Catholic social doctrine. No such paper had yet appeared on the American scene.

The "Labor Leader" starts

So in January, 1938, we started very simply with a four-page, mimeographed weekly bulletin called the *Labor Leader*. This we sold to the students at the school. By May 1, just five years after the first issue of the *Catholic Worker,* to whose pioneer efforts and friendly assistance we owed our own start, we had gained a sufficient amount of reckless courage to plunge off the deep end with a four-page printed weekly newspaper—still called and hoping to be the *Labor Leader*. All that spring and summer we begged, borrowed, and somehow scraped together the money needed to get the paper out. Its steady progress since then has been largely due to the splendid work of its editor, George Donahue, and a self-sacrificing staff of volunteer assistants. Right now the *Labor Leader* has a subscription list of about

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1,000, including several hundred priests and twenty bishops. It comes out every two weeks, is hard up, but as determined as ever to keep going.

Action in the field

But from the start we realized that the best kind of education was in action. Our study groups, schools and literature were not enough—we must prove that we meant what we said by getting out in the field ourselves, helping workers in practical ways to organize and improve their condition, and, if necessary, manning the barricades wherever labor fought a just fight. For it was clear that we could burn no barricades as unnecessary unless we had fought on them when they were labor's only resort. (Naturally, the term "barricade" is figurative and applies only to a strike or other labor dispute, since it must be remembered that we are basically opposed to violence.)

Further, we wanted to help bridge the unfortunate gap existing between labor and the Catholic clergy. So, with Father Monaghan leading the way, we persuaded our priest friends to speak at union meetings and made openings for them. In every case the reception was enthusiastic and the result acknowledged as beneficial to both parties. At present there are nearly 25 priests taking part in this important apostolate in about ten different cities of America.

By supplying speakers at union and church meetings, by distributing literature at factory and office entrances urging workers "to join the union," or protesting against some injustice (we were among the leaflet-bearing "agitators" who invaded Jersey City), we have aided practically in the work of organizing the unorganized. When strikes have been called and brought to our attention, our policy has always been to investigate both sides, and if we found the workers' demands just and their procedure reasonable, we picketed, spoke, agitated and negotiated for a settlement.

Incidentally, more than half the success of the communists has sprung from the very real assistance they have given to labor. The average worker is not one to examine the abstract validity of Marxist doctrines. If the communists help him win a strike, he is inclined to think well of communism. It is unfortunately not enough for us to display superior principles or a more logical system of thought. If the Catholic worker hovering on the brink of insecurity and semi-starvation sees that heretics are more interested than Christians in his personal welfare, it is painfully hard to persuade him to remain orthodox.

Once we were in the market, it soon became clear there was practically no end to the number of possible ways of helping labor. One of the most important was legal assistance, especially to rank-and-file members oppressed by racketeer or communist leadership. And so was born the Catholic Labor Defense League, a group of young Catholic lawyers who have to date handled over 30 labor cases entirely free of charge, and with excellent results. Thanks is especially due here to the work of attorneys Ed Scully and John Sheehan.

This brings to mind the question—What do A.C.T.U. members do when they belong to a union controlled or threatened by racketeers or communists? In the first place, we are grateful if we are lucky enough to have members in these unions. In fact we have always urged Catholics to join CIO or AFL unions, even though these may be dominated by communists, just as long as there is any hope at all of saving such unions. The reason for this is simple: there is no alternative but to form a new union, and this action, with all the evils that accompany it, could never be justified unless all other means had been exhausted. So far we haven't found a union yet that looked hopeless. Perhaps that is because we have consistently refused to admit that Catholics cannot be more effective than communists in any given field of endeavor. We have refused to believe that Christianity is not an infinitely more dynamic and persuasive force than Marxism, and all our experience to date has confirmed us in these convictions.

Above all, and through all our activity, we have kept our faith in the "bright potential" of American workers. If they have been at times too intent on higher wages and shorter hours to the exclusion of everything else, if they have been too easily given to violence, to craft jealousy, to irresponsible violation of contracts and to materialism generally, the fault was usually not theirs. It belonged rather to their leaders, to the captains of industry, and to the whole comfort-loving spirit of our age.

But we are confident that sounder leadership can be developed, is being developed from the ranks of American labor, and that American labor will follow that leadership. Then it is only a question of time before labor takes its rightful place in partnership with capital. Then workers who are capable of creative effort may once again be "workers" in the true sense, no longer the unthinking slaves of machinery and stockholders, but sharing individually in the work of production. Industrial democracy will reign not only in each plant and company, but throughout each industry and through the whole national economy. With its reign unemployment, starvation wages and insecurity on the job will more and more be outlawed. And as this process of self-government in industry grows (with the help of God and a few more enlightened employers), the union will not grow obsolete, but will remain always as the governing machinery of the workers, expressing their will, binding them together, working constantly for their material and mental improvement and cooperating harmoniously with management.

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H. S. Chamberlain: Prophet of Nazism

A self-exiled Englishman takes a few hints from a Jewish poet and lays a "scientific" basis for Aryan superiority.

By **M. Whitcomb Hess**

WHEN A WORK on race was published in Germany in 1899, laying exorbitant claims for Nordic supremacy, its English author, H. S. Chamberlain, was taken at once to the German heart. His two-volume study, "Die Grundlagen des XIX. Jahrhunderts," which hailed the North European, particularly the Teuton, as the unique hope of civilization, was an instant, great success: the Kaiser took 80,000 copies, and thirteen editions appeared before the World War. Lord Redesdale, who wrote the introduction for the first English version (1910), said it was considered by Chamberlain's countrymen "the masterpiece of the Nineteenth Century." A number of Englishmen took the work as a tribute to their own ancestry. Chamberlain himself believed (as he wrote George Harvey in 1915) that the English were "essentially Germans, purer Germans, in fact, than many Germans themselves."

Both Lyman Abbott and Theodore Roosevelt reviewed H. S. Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" for the *Outlook* (July 29, 1911), so significant did it seem to the two American editors. But Roosevelt, with characteristic candor, said that Mr. Chamberlain's "brilliant lapses into sanity" in his writing were "fixed in a matrix of fairly bedlamite passion and nonsanity." He saw him reduced to 'the position of insisting that wherever he sees a man whom he admires he must postulate for him Aryan, and better still, Teutonic blood." For the Briton's thesis that "the nineteenth century, and therefore the twentieth and all future centuries, depend for everything in them worth mentioning and preserving upon the Teutonic branch of the Aryan race," was, even to one who admired the German spirit as much as Theodore Roosevelt did in 1911, simply beyond belief.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain, son of Admiral William Chamberlain, and grandson of Captain Basil Hall, was born in Southsea in 1855. Two of his uncles were generals, and a third was Sir Neville Chamberlain, British field-marshal. Houston's education was almost all foreign; first he was sent to the Versailles Lycée; then back to Cheltenham to be prepared for his army career. His health failed, and he left England in 1870 for Stettin, Germany. The German, Otto Kuntze, who became his tutor, is supposed to have planted the first seeds of his later perfervid love for everything German. His great interest in youth had been in the natural sciences; and he went to Geneva in 1879 to study under Karl Vogt, the Darwinian, who, protesting the current idealism of Hegel, taught that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. Chamberlain took the degree of *Bachelier ès Sciences physiques et naturelles* at Geneva. But here, again, the work was too much for his strength, and he moved to Dresden where he plunged into the metaphysical works of Wagner.

His first publication was in French, "Notes sur Lohengrin," and was followed by essays in German, but none was taken notice of. Discouraged, he went to Vienna, intending to study botany; once more his health broke, and once more he left the world of science for art and Wagner. But it was only after the composer's death that Chamberlain became intimate with the family of the *Haus Wahnfried* at Bayreuth—an intimacy that resulted in his marriage to Eva Wagner in 1908, following his divorce from his first wife, the daughter of a Prussian Justizrat. At the age of sixty-one, in 1916, H. S. Chamberlain became a naturalized German. After living through the defeat of Germany in the War, he saw the rise of Hitler and predicted for him a glorious future as leader of the Germans. He died and was buried in Bayreuth in 1927.

Chamberlain and Nazism

In 1934 a Nazi tribute was paid Chamberlain—a book of excerpts from the "Foundations," called "Chamberlain, the Prophet of the Third Reich." In that same year at the International Philosophical Congress which met in Prague, Mr. T. V. Smith spoke gratefully of the circumstance that "there remain oases of freedom, like Czechoslovakia, where philosophical congresses may still meet." The fact that Germany had her eyes even then on this republic was clear to all who knew that Chamberlain was the Nazi prophet. All North Europeans, Teutons, Slavs and Celts, were to be brought "home to the Reich" sooner or later—and preferably sooner. As Chamberlain used the term *Germanen* it meant all inhabitants of northern Europe, except, of course, the Semites. For the British renegade whose youthful semi-invalidism had made impossible the military career

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his family followed, and planned for him, in England, built a dream-world and peopled it with the "Vikings," the wonderful tall men, the fighters, who went to battle with songs of victory on their lips and seized the goods of civilization. Nazi emphasis on the heroism of the Vandals has its ground in such images as the following description by Chamberlain of the Viking:

> This Barbarian, who would rush naked to battle, who suddenly sprang out of forests and marshes to inspire into a civilized and cultivated world the terrors of a violent conquest won by the strong hand alone, was nevertheless the lawful heir of the Hellene and the Roman, blood of their blood, spirit of their spirit. It was his own property which he, unwitting, snatched from the alien hand. But for him, the sun of the Indo-European must have set.

By a mysterious "crossing" of peoples, and an even stranger metaphysical synthesis of Greek and Roman cultures, represented by the Teuton, the latest, perfected product of Indo-European civilization was said to have appeared on the historic scene.

As Vogt's pupil, Chamberlain scoffed at Hegel throughout his work; at the same time, however, he took that philosopher's evolutionary hypothesis of history as axiomatic and the identity of opposites as an obvious necessity. Two individuals are said to be of one blood because of their antipodal temperaments; again, the antithetical Greek and Roman cultures—the one artistic, the other legalistic—are taken as expressing demi-cultures (pre-Teuton), coming together in the full bloom of *Kultur* and appearing from the vantage point of the nineteenth century as the two opposing sides of a higher synthesis. In this connection one of the many question-beggings appears (Chamberlain was said to raise questions only to beg them.) The Romans, presented as neither poets nor philosophers, were said to show this lack by taking the words *poeta* and *philosophia* from the Greek tongue as they took the ideas from that civilization; none the less, philosophy had already been denied the Greeks by Chamberlain who declared that the decadence of the Hellenic spirit was traceable to Aristotle! The best metaphysics of Plato, further, was held to be only the common creed of the Indian coolie, though Plato was counted among the poets and, as such, great—as a forerunner of greater German artists.

Whence Chamberlain's ideas?

Though the Pan-Germanists held from the first that the "Foundations" represented a metaphysical groundwork for their doctrine, the much-touted work was a sort of cosmic fable with the Jew in the rôle of picaresque villain (for he, at times, seems the hero of the piece) whose wits are pitted against Teuton *Gemüt,* the wellspring of *Kultur.* The Semite brain was pronounced, in effect, incapable of "secreting" cultural institutional ideas. Nevertheless the Jew's tenacious belief in race is held up constantly for Teutonic emulation.

The truth is that when Chamberlain gave Hitler his race cue and Hitler acted on it to revive the worst of the ancient Jew-baitings, one of history's ironic dramas reached its climax—or anticlimax. For the German Jew, Heinrich Heine, gave Chamberlain much of his imagery; and the germ of all his arguments for German-character superiority is already in Heine. During his twenty-five years in Paris as newspaper correspondent Heine had written over and over—sometimes in his clear concise prose, oftener half-veiling the thought in his sardonic humor—that the German is naturally of a higher integrity than any other European. Over a half-century before Chamberlain wrote his book on race Heine had declared that *Gemüt* belonged only to the Germans:

> Franzosen und Briten sind von Natur
> Ganz ohne Gemüt; Gemüt hat nur
> Der Deutsche . . .

Gemüt was always held by Heine to represent an untranslatable word for a unique German trait, though any philologist knows that in comparing languages the lack of a cognate to indicate a given quality does not mean the absence of that quality in the particular culture. Chamberlain's apotheosizing of the German language with the culture it expresses has its prototype in the writings of the Jewish poet: Heine had called his mother tongue without a peer in lyrical expression (e.g. his own lyrics!); and he had called it—exactly as Chamberlain was to call it—an unsurpassable vehicle for conveying philosophical ideas. Whatever Heine's real reason for his consistent eulogizing of German character and culture he succeeded as well in making his nationals feel important as Jules Romain's Dr. Knock succeeded in making his fellow-townsmen invalids. It remained for a partly-crazed Englishman born the year before Heine died to take the traits Heine had popularized as typical of his people (for Heine prided himself on being a *German* poet) and to exclude Heine's family at the outset. By identifying race and nation, by making a distinctive issue of Heine's race, the "Foundation" on which Hitler built took definite form.

The "Foundations" on which Hitler built! At the outbreak of the World War, Britain's turncoat son taunted his countrymen with being unwarlike. In an article "England" in the *North American Review,* July, 1915 (the year before he was naturalized), Chamberlain wrote: "I, an Englishman, must have courage to attest the truth. We can be saved only by a wise, strong and victorious Germany." Yet the world was not

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so saved, and four years before his death, H. S. Chamberlain formally acclaimed his young friend, Adolf Hitler, the deliverer of the Vikings of his dream-kingdom. The book "Mein Kampf" is a translation of the "Foundations" of Chamberlain into "the utmost simplicity so that even the simplest man can follow," as the aged prophet wrote Hitler on April 20, 1924, while the latter was a prisoner in Landsberg. He counted him "among the rare illuminated figures and perfectly perspicuous people." In 1923 Chamberlain had stated oracularly, "The fact that Germany gave birth to a Hitler is evidence of her vitality." "This man," he said, "has had the effect of a divine blessing . . . developing the capacity for love and indignation, and steeling our courage and determination." For the future Führer's hypnotic hysterical zeal shone for Chamberlain like a bow of promise in the political atmosphere, fogged as it was by the crushing Allied victory. "He wins the people by storm," he observed with awe, "his words hold them fascinated . . . and his pulsating heart begets enthusiasm." On his first meeting with Hitler, the author of the "Foundations," then ill and unable to sleep, was said to have been so heartened that his insomnia left him. He spoke feelingly of the "miracle that an awakener of souls from sleep and routine should also be a bringer of rest." But that bringer of rest to the sick author was, just a few years later, not only the threatener of the peace of all Europe but a bringer of unrest to the entire world.

Chamberlain's whole picture of his native land as given in the *North American Review* article—strangely like that of Heine who referred to England as a nation of shopkeepers and cant—was particularly offensive to the English. He wrote at length on the transformation of English character in the change from an agricultural life to a devotion to trade, industry and, above all, the material accumulation of wealth. "Crudity has gradually saturated almost the entire nation from the bottom to the very top." The reason for that bitter animosity toward his fellow-Britons was disclosed also, in part, in the essay on England. Once during a Parliamentary election at Cheltenham, while Chamberlain was in school there, he put on the Liberal colors of Gladstone and was "suddenly assailed" by the other schoolboys who supported Disraeli, "flung to the ground, and beaten" until the teachers called off the mob. When this happened, he was thirteen years old; but he said it taught him more about English conceptions of liberty than all his subsequent studies in Hallam and Gneist. Whether of the ruling or lower classes, they were all brutes, the British!

In 1937 the tenth anniversary of Chamberlain's death was commemorated in Nazi Germany. In his article "H. St. Chamberlain" Otto Tröbes wrote of the modern German's debt to the man who "provided the prerequisites for a rebirth from the blood and spirit of our ancestors." For, according to the Nazi commentator, the belief of the Germans in their nationalism had not been given a secure backing until Chamberlain came along and provided it with "the lacking intellectual substructure" and furnished their patriotism with "its scientific basis."

Boyhood in the Eighties

Swinging in the birches, snow-balling, hunting, fishing and woodcraft—here are a few of the traditional American boyhood recreations.

***By* William Everett Cram**

A FAVORITE pastime was swinging in the birches. We would start on the run for the woods and, where the grey birches grew slender and tall, climb up hand over hand to the swaying tops and swing from right to left and back again farther and farther each time until we came within reach of the next tree, whereupon, still maintaining our hold with our legs around the slender stem, we let go with our hands. Then grasping the other tree top where it was no bigger than our wrists, we would release leg hold on the first and go swinging over and downward almost to the ground, unless we had succeeded on the way in catching hold of branch or top of another birch. Failing in this, we would bounce up and down until our feet came within reach of the ground and then with a mighty kick, and aided by the elasticity of the birch stem, be lifted upward on a curving arc and down the other way. It was a race between us to see who could cover the greatest distance without coming down to earth. If Darwin had once been a spectator of this form of sport, he would certainly have been well justified in using it as one more proof of our ape and chimpanzee ancestry, while a certain group of advanced thinkers of today would merely have classified us

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as leaders of our tribe in the direction of our simian descendants in the ages that lie ahead.

Snow balling was so popular with us that we hated to give it up when spring came and the soft turf of the low lands was wet and muddy; so we just changed from snow balls to mud balls, in spite of the protestations of the teacher and our parents. These mud ball fights kept us engaged until the school bell rang, leaving no time for washing either faces or hands, and at last the school committee was called upon to put a stop to them.

"Drive" then became our favorite pastime; two leaders drawing lots and choosing by turns one boy after another on their sides. Armed with fence stakes we stood in bands facing each other forty paces apart in the roadway, then the leader of one side would take the truck, sawed from a six-inch log, and send it spinning along the wheel track toward the other gang, each member of which would strive to hit it with his club and send it spinning back in the opposite direction. Wherever it stopped, the side who hit it last would take their stand, and so gain ground, while the other side must move back forty yards from that point along the road. One of the fellows on our side (it was Monkey Mason, if my memory serves me right) devised the scheme of taking a twelve-foot fence board held with both hands at one end and with the other reaching out before him, thus planning to stop the truck and gain four paces every time for our side. Unfortunately, however, at his very first attempt the truck came rolling swiftly up the board and hit him on the nose.

Woodlore

What an immense gap lies between the almost instinctive woodland knowledge possessed by my youthful associates, and that which the youth of today receives from systematic training. One great advantage held by us lay in the fact that we were only very little diverted by other forms of entertainment. A race among the birch tree tops would be followed by long tramps through swamp and forest land and along the streams' courses, and as the seasons of the year permitted, we gathered as we went the second course of our mid-day meal. Checker berries, partridge berries, dew berries and a dozen other kinds along with ground nuts, fern roots, flag pods and sweet flag inside leaves, reed pods, water cress and pine sliver, a sweet transparent gum that was obtained by striping off the bark from young white pines. Two slits with the jack knife, three inches apart and extending from one whorl of branches to the next, and this honey-like confection was then scraped off by the tablespoonful with the knife blade. Only for a week or ten days, the last of May or the first of June, was pine sliver to be had. Fern roots we got by pulling up a certain species of thick-stemmed brake which grows along the runs connecting highland and swamp growth and down which the melting snow finds runway in the spring thaws. The roots held ivory white sections three or four inches long and, judging by the flavor and appetite-satisfying qualities, exceedingly rich in protein. If that group of boys had been lost in virgin forest land, just as we were, I am firmly convinced that we could have got along in reasonable comfort indefinitely. Our pockets as a rule contained jack knives, fish hooks and nails. If no one among us happened to have matches, the problem of starting a fire might have proved a difficult one. We had attempted time and again to start a fire according to the primitive method, but never succeeded beyond tiny wreaths of smoke from the rubbed wood, or sparks from flint on steel; however, if we had been put to it as a last resort, I believe that we could have done it.

It had always been our habit to dive down to the muddy bottom of both fresh and tide water streams for clams and mussels which we devoured raw; fish we caught, not only with hooks, but also with bow and arrow, spear, net and fence board. This last method was most successful with pickerel and barvil, though practical with any fish swimming or poised within a few inches of the surface; a quick blow with the flat side of the board compressed the water with sufficient pressure to burst the air bladder which the fish depend upon to regulate their height or depth; and in nine cases out of ten, right after the blow was struck, the helpless victim rose to the top and swam or floated there only half submerged and was easily caught by the hand.

For fishing lines, bow cords, snares, nets or any other purpose for which a strong cord is required, we could use the inner bark of linden or red cedar. As an illustration of the dependability of cord of this kind, I will relate the following. My cousin and I started out one morning to spray his orchard; in the wagon stood the cask of spraying mixture with hand pump, hose and sprayer attached to it. A twelve-foot pole was to be fastened to the sprayer so as to hold it aloft among the higher branches, but when we reached the orchard, we discovered that we had forgotten to take any string or rope with which to fasten it, so we just cut a strip of cedar bark two feet long and half an inch wide and it held fast until the work was done; and then, as we were driving home, one of us noticed that the pole had fallen overboard and was dragging behind along the rough roadway. When we dragged the pole up to the wagon the cord had not started to let go its hold at any point. The slender roots of our common elm may also be used in this way. Only last summer while I was cultivating the corn, a section of the harness gave way, and as I started back

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to the house for a length of raw hide with which to repair it, I noticed a cluster of those tiny roots turned up by the plough and used one of them instead. It not only held firm for that day's work, but also for several days following.

Pickerel, suckers, barvil, bream and shiners we killed successfully with bow and arrow; sometimes with arrows tipped with four-inch lengths of slender steel ribs taken from worn-out umbrellas, and at other times with arrow heads cut out of sheet iron or roughly clipped from shale in clumsy imitation of the Indians' skilled work. On a June day another boy and I followed the course of Taylor's River, one of us on each bank, he being equipped with fish rod and line and baited hook, while I had my hickory bow and an arrow tipped with a real Indian flint arrow head. Seeing him stop and cautiously lower his line, I looked across, and there close under the overhanging tussocks was a big pickerel. Just as his hook touched the water, my flint-headed arrow sped across and severed the spine of that fish right between the gills.

In May and June when the striped suckers and alewives came upstream to spawn in the ripples at the head of tide water, we sometimes caught as many as we could carry home, either with home-made spear, dip net or bow and arrow. Bull frogs when we approached their favorite sloughs would cease their croaking and dive under to come up almost immediately several yards away with just the tips of their noses breaking the surface of the muddy water, and a quick blow with a stick, if accurately aimed, would kill one. Whereupon the hind legs were cut off and skinned, either to be taken home for dinner, or else to be roasted on sharpened twigs over a fire built wherever we might chance to be. Four of us, two armed with bows and arrows and the others with crossbows, were following the stone wall that separates my pasture from the next; a chipmunk raced along the crevice between the stones, but failed to dodge my arrow, which hit him on the flank and brought him to a halt just as my cousin's arrow hit his head; we just skinned and cooked the tiny game then and there. It must have been about that time, when my cousin and I decided to go share and share alike in the matter of inheritance of the sword that his father had carried in the southern rebellion. Filing it in two, he kept the hilt end, while I took the point and fixed a handle to it. As we strolled down the cow lane, a woodchuck who had been feeding in the clover started on the jump for the shelter of the stone wall. My cousin, on his side of the wall, made a jab at him from the rear and he came out on my side with menacing whistle and teeth laid bare, and the next instant rolled over with my sword point through his heart. The next day we had woodchuck soup for dinner.

In case of our being marooned in trackless forest stretches, partridges and rabbits would be our main source of provender, for they are both easily taken in unbaited snares winter and summer alike. The snares with which we used to catch them were set in gaps in low fences made by sticking hemlock branches close together with gaps six inches wide for every few paces, and such snares could easily be constructed with linden or cedar inner bark slip nooses fixed to the end of springy hardwood suckers, bent down and held in place by a crossbar inserted in little notches cut in both sides of the gap.

Snapping turtles and wood terrapins would be roasted in the shell and served with cowslip greens. In autumn, nuts and acorns of various sorts would of course be included in our menu, and when these gave out for the season, black birch and beech buds would take their place. Of all the boys of our North school, I was the only one who ventured to include mushrooms as a part of my diet, toadstools of all kinds being looked upon by the others as poisonous. Having studied the matter in my father's library, I first gathered meadow mushrooms, and had them cooked at home. After having put them to the test, I was quickly joined in their consumption by every member of my family. After that I identified and picked, according to their season, edible mushrooms of a dozen various kinds, and later included giant puff balls as well as those enormous coral-like growths found during some seasons on dying beech and oak trees. I venture to assert that if we were lost together in the woods, my comrades would very quickly learn to enjoy them, just as my family did, after having once put them to the test.

Truth and Beauty

With solemn words within the darkened room
The good and sober village people spoke
Before they laid him in the quiet tomb.
A shame, they said, he spent his life in singing
Of beauty that is sure to die with youth.
But one replied, "Who sings of beauty sings of truth.

"For beauty is the flower
And truth the root,
In the destined hour
Love is fruit.

"And the hungry little children
From the village street
Can taste and see
That Love is sweet."

But the wise folk close their hearts and burrow
Among the roots until they're dead
And the bright fruit withers
Overhead.

SISTER MARY ATHANASIUS.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I ATTENDED MASS in St. Peter's yesterday, along with some 30,000 or 40,000 others in the church, and countless thousands who heard one at least of the many Masses said outside under the portico of St. Peter's, or in one of the nearby courts, in order that the multitude gathering for the Holy Father's blessing should not, in their zeal, neglect their Sunday duty. I had already attended Mass in the Russian Church attached to the Jesuit College, Russicum, where the ritual of Saint John Chrysostom was celebrated in all its liturgical glory, and which with other incidental ceremonies—such as the ordination of two deacons—began at 11.30 Saturday night and was not finished when, with my companion, I left the church at 4:30 on Easter morning.

My seat in St. Peter's was supposed to have been one of the chairs in the tribune reserved for the press—one of the four tribunes which are the only ones that really command an uninterrupted view of the high altar and the papal throne. Although I had no specific duties as a reporter to distract me, nevertheless being in the press tribune and having already, as I have said above, performed my Easter duties, I found myself more in the mood of a reporter than that of a worshipper. Perhaps the fact that this was the third Easter Mass said by a Pope in St. Peter's which I have had the privilege of attending also lessened my concentration upon the chief business of the day and permitted my thoughts to follow other paths.

For example, I observed what were supposed to be my fellow journalists in the press section with more than the ordinary attention given by one reporter to his fellows—unless of course during those times when competition for exclusive news may be the order of the day. When I had applied for a seat in the press section, it was therefore not as a reporter but as a writer who, in all probability, would use the experience in the future in an article, or a book, or perhaps from the lecture platform—but in any case it would be as a journalist, and one who should be entitled to a seat with the working press. I was informed that several hundreds of applications from journalists had been received but that not more than eighty tickets could possibly be issued for the press tribune. Many scores of applications from genuine journalists and writers were rejected. Perhaps I might have thought that, under the circumstances, only the very pick of the whole corps of journalists in Rome would be selected to receive the privilege of a ticket for the press tribune. However previous experience had prevented my indulging in such a fancy as that supposition.

I edged myself within the crowded bull-pen arrangement at the foot of the tribune itself. Perhaps twenty seminarians, about fifteen or twenty nuns and an assorted collection of Italian soldiers and sailors and papas and mammas with many children, with others slipping over the fence every few minutes, were my companions—until all the space was exhausted. As for working reporters, or anyone giving any outward sign of any connection with the press, so far as I could judge I was the sole representative of the fourth estate.

Of course, no real reporter would desire a seat in any tribune. He might as well be in jail for the day; for unless a reporter has a ticket entitling him freely to circulate through the corridors and aisles he might as well stay at home as go to St. Peter's on a great occasion.

On the occasion of the coronation Mass, I was one of many scores of journalists duly accredited to important news associations or newspapers—my own connection was with the New York *Times*—who were bluntly refused the privilege of receiving one of the ten tickets issued to reporters permitting them really to work at their business. The ten tickets were practically reserved for members of the editorial staff of the *Osservatore Romano*. As for the representatives of news associations and newspapers regularly stationed in Rome, no doubt they had made their own arrangements in their own fashion to cover the story with the thoroughness and detail with which, in general, the great occasion was reported. At least, it was so reported in the American and English press. But none of these accredited correspondents were personally given the privilege reserved for the *Osservatore Romano's* staff. Perhaps they obtained that privilege—no doubt some of them did—in their own way; a way concerning which many dubious rumors are afloat in Rome, and about which working newspaper men are speaking confidentially—amid much profanity—but concerning which they do not speak or write publicly.

In other words, my reflections at the Easter Mass in the press box in Saint Peter's have led me to this mild expression of a fervent hope that the changes which are already being made in some details of the administration of Vatican City will, some day, be extended to the press. There is some talk of the possibility—if not the immediate probability—of the appointment of a properly accredited press representative in the State department of Vatican City, by whom the correspondents—whether those stationed in Rome or those coming from elsewhere—may be dealt with in a really professional manner. Such an appointment would create a new precedent but, after all, even in the Vatican, new conditions are met by new methods of organization when a real need arises. And certainly there is a great need for a thorough and satisfactory system of handling Vatican news. In addition to the news of real world-wide importance, which is constantly issued from or concerned with the Vatican, an official press department could supply the associations and the correspondents and magazine writers with a mass of deeply interesting human interest stories, material for which is always at hand in Rome, but a large part of which never gets recorded or published. At any rate, I can testify from an experience of nearly twenty years and from the testimony of fellow journalists, both Catholics and non-Catholics, that a highly beneficial plan could be, and certainly should be, worked out to reduce the present chaotic situation to some degree of order and to give the press at least a fair break in its delicate and difficult task of reporting Vatican news.

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Communications

UNIFIED CHRISTIANITY

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editors: Perhaps I am not justified in saying it, but somehow or other I cannot help remarking about the publicity given to recent Vatican activities. Ever since Pius XI passed away, the newspapers have been more than faithful in reporting news on the papacy. True enough, it might have been a mere financial gesture on their part, but let us not be too quick to satirize. There are living American Catholics who can remember well how, at the time of the death of Pius IX, they had to wait until the Catholic weeklies came out before they learned that Leo XIII had been elected as his successor. I mention this merely to point out the contrast—a contrast that I feel is extremely significant. As Dorothy Thompson recently remarked, the interest of the non-Catholic world in the papal election seems to indicate an apparent need for leadership among their numbers. I believe she is right. Unfortunately our non-Catholic brethren may be reluctant to admit it. Albeit, there are certain facts that cannot be easily gainsaid, and among them are these. The Christian chorus, though not in complete harmony, is nevertheless singing the same hymn. Moreover, it needs a director. Obviously the man for the position is the Holy Father; none other will do, since none other is in a position to take up the baton.

Let me not be misunderstood. I don't mean that all must become Catholics—that would be impossible. Nor, for that matter, is it necessary. What is needed is a sympathetic understanding that would in turn give rise to mutual cooperation. Once this had been established we would be well started on the right road. Consequently much depends on the present. The non-Catholic world, as I see it, has extended us its hand; it has shown that it is concerned over our religion, that it realizes that only around unified Catholicism can be built a safeguard for western civilization. If we (laymen and priests) will only capitalize on this, our present opportunity, it cannot but turn out for the better. Seemingly we have struck a rich vein; pray God we exploit it to the utmost.

EDWARD MURRAY.

THE CRIME OF ANTI-SEMITISM

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I could hardly believe my eyes when I read Nicholas Berdyaev's article in the April 21 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Is he now a paid propagandist of the American Jewish Congress, or in the employ of the association to create a better feeling between Jews and Christians? The reason I ask is, because when I have discussed the Jewish question in arguments with folks who say Father Coughlin is Anti-Semitic, I have merely taken a copy of the "Meaning of History" by Berdyaev, and pointing to a certain chapter, said, "Read this, if you think Father Coughlin is rabidly Anti-Semitic." What is the cause of this right-about-face? I have been told that "history is a conspiracy against the truth." Which is the conspiracy—the "Meaning of History" or THE COMMONWEAL article? I really would like to be set straight.

R. D. JOHNSON.

DEATH OF A SOCIALIST

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editors: "Suppose it were required that, before licensing a well-fed Catholic layman as an official thwacker of the Red Menace, he be required to produce evidence of some personal contribution, however small and in whatever direction, toward righting the wrongs of the exploited and the underprivileged!" Words taken from "Death of a Socialist," in THE COMMONWEAL for March 17, in praise of supposed social reforms sponsored by Marxists.

Long before it was dreamed that a license would ever be required for a Catholic layman to battle for social justice, the following appeared in "Taxes and Socialism," *America* for August 2, 1919:

> No less a menace to the country and to the workers are the sociologists who seem to think there is something good in some of the things that the Socialists advocate. The test of the efficacy of their proposals might well be decided by their accord or lack of accord with the Socialist demands. Anything that the Socialists want, is bad for the workers. Only in the wretchedness of the workers can Socialism get its opportunity, which it ever seeks. That condition can be brought about by means of pensions, minimum-wage laws, government ownership, and the too-shortened work day.

In the present era of depression Socialistic tactics have had full sway, and in the history of the civilized world has labor been in such a deplorable condition, and with only a promise of a worse 'security" in old age?

M. P. CONNERY.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Pittsford, Vt.

TO the Editors: Publication of Mortimer Adler's "Can Catholic Education Be Criticized?" in THE COMMONWEAL (April 14) was timely and pertinent. The article should arouse the faculties, as well as students and alumni, of many a Catholic college. When I say "arouse," I do not mean the type of exertion exemplified by the Brooklyn *Tablet,* critic of Mr. Walter Lippmann.

Since some good efforts at self-criticism have been made by faculty members of one small Catholic college, I would like to pass this information on to any who may be looking for such material. Very Rev. L. E. Gosselin, S.S.E., president of St. Michael's College (Winooski Park, Vermont), wrote an article entitled, "The New Puritans" in *The Michaelman,* November, 1937. In it Father Gosselin gave his reflections on Hutchins's criticism of Catholic education, on the "Education of the Founding Fathers," by Dr. J. J. Walsh, and urged Catholics to develop their own intellectual tradition more fully. Only by doing so, he said, will our schools and colleges develop men like the Founding Fathers.

This year Jeremiah T. Purtill, S.S.E., Dean of St. Michael's, gave *The Michaelman* a piece entitled, "Thinking Is Also Important."

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Perhaps if we do develop more fully our intellectual tradition, our future Catholic journalists will not be writing: "The apologists for Hutchins in Catholic circles will be a little red in the face in their embarrassment. It's a good lesson, however, and it serves as a warning against praising anyone too wholeheartedly when his opinions coincide with ours." As if the point were not that the truth should be prized—whether spoken by Chicago's Hutchins or by that good old ex-Vermonter, John Dewey!

B. J. D.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Seattle, Wash.

TO the Editors: My hearty congratulations on your first birthday anniversary. This year has been a triumph for you and a steady and brilliant upward career for your paper. . . .

I am especially thankful for James N. Vaughan's courageous review of Christopher Dawson's latest book. But Mr. Vaughan seems to be wrong in his assumption that only Munich affected Dawson. Dawson and his school, especially Bernard Wall and the *Colosseum,* the new *Tablet* and, worst of all, Douglas Jerrold and de la Bedoyère, in their *Catholic Herald,* for three or four years have been flirting with Continental totalitarianisms and their "unity of civilization." They have done everything possible to denounce democracy as something soulless and plebeian, and to identify the dictatorships with their dream-land new middle ages and the new Christian era in the making.

We have had the same thing in Germany: Dr. Landmesser, Dr. Bevion, von Papen and his Catholic followers and certain circles around the otherwise fine youth movement. Their awakening has been rather rough. Instead of the new holy empire, an armed camp of soldiers, politicians, bankers, industrialists and third rate philosophers has taken over the country. They paved the way for Seyss-Inquarts, Papens and other allies of Hitler boring from within. I wonder what will be the result in England and here if we let these "aristocratic" medievalists carry on their expensive romanticism.

Rev. H. A. Reinhold.

"BEYOND POLITICS"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The reviewer of Christopher Dawson's "Beyond Politics" (The Commonweal, April 21) dismisses the author of "The Age of the Gods," "Progress and Religion," "The Making of Europe," "Religion in the Modern State," "The Modern Dilemma" and other writings with the cavalier suggestion that the Munich "agreement" and its "aftermath" have "affected" him to such a degree that his "interesting ideas do not carry conviction to an American reader."

Your reviewer further says: "To state that 'mass opinion' is a tyrant more evil than the most authoritarian of dictatorships is to say what is totally unproved and unprovable. As I read history the statement is wholly invalid if 'mass opinion' means the consensus of the majority." Apparently we are to infer that he regards the "consensus of the majority" as invested with the charisma of moral inerrancy.

How do you suppose that "reviewing" of this sort strikes those "American readers" who are familiar with Christopher Dawson's writings? How can The Commonweal afford to offer it to its readers?

Thomas F. Woodlock.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Mr. Dawson as the author of earlier writings was not dismissed. The review was concerned solely with a single brief tract for the times. The content of "Beyond Politics" was, I think, adequately summarized—a fact which can best be verified by reading the book. A few ideas were singled out and called unsound. Reference to Munich pretended to be nothing more than speculation and inquiry.

Consensus of the majority is on the whole the best device in existence for reaching practical decisions on issues of a political or social character. This doctrine is good Thomism. It is also a fundamental factor in American institutions. About its comparative moral value, it should be said that it has proved far less tyrannous in practise than the wretched individual tyrants—whether upstarts or holders of hereditary office—who have made history a story of crime, bloodshed and greed gratified at the expense of the people.

James W. Vaughan.

CATHOLICS DISCUSS WORLD PEACE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As a member of the Catholic Association for International Peace, and as one who took part in the recent deliberations of that body in Washington, I should like to make a few comments on Dr. Emmanuel Chapman's report in the April 28 issue.

It seemed to me, and I so stated, that every attempt to build a Christian world order must necessarily begin with the Christianization of the individual, the family, the community, the nation and eventually the entire world. Every effort should be made to create, foster and promote union between individuals and groups of all nations. Once the foundation has been laid for a Christian world order, it would then be conceivable that a world conference for peace and justice would successfully carry forward the apostolic work of peace-loving Christians everywhere. But to advocate a world conference when this imperative preliminary work is conspicuous by its absence is a position so unrealistic that I am surprised, first, that Dr. Chapman should seriously advocate it, and secondly, that he should feel justified in assailing those who repudiate it as somehow deficient in Christianity.

Perhaps Dr. Chapman would agree with me, after he has given the matter some thought, that nations are not won for peace and justice by force but by Christian love. Let us begin to love Europeans and all other peoples. Let us cooperate with them as much as possible; but only to the extent that our own legitimate national interests are not jeopardized. Then, perhaps, we shall build that new Christian world order which we all so ardently desire.

John J. O'Connor.

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Points & Lines

Domestic Prosperity

AMERICAN CRITICS of public affairs have been so immersed recently in foreign affairs that few new ideas have been published charting or predicting the course of economy within the nation. This is equally true of men in politics and business. The attention to foreign affairs has been so exclusive that Senator Taft dared publicly to make very serious charges. The New York *Herald Tribune* reported his speech as folows:

> Senator Taft, who is usually coupled with New York's prosecutor, Thomas E. Dewey, as a favorite for the Republican nomination, called attention to the total of 11,470,000 unemployed, as shown in the February report, and said: "The New Deal is a failure. Don't let page after page of foreign news divert your attention or divert the people's attention from that fact."
>
> Every member of the Roosevelt government, the Senator continued, "whether it lies in his province or not, is ballyhooing the foreign situation, trying to stir up prejudice against this country or that and at all costs to take the minds of the people off their troubles at home. One thing is perfectly clear: no denouncing of dictators or eulogies of democracies can improve the condition of the people of this country by one penny of income."

The question is what should and will be done about the incontestable lack of prosperity in the United States. Recently *Barron's,* "the national financial weekly," published an article, "The New Deal Program Breaks Down."

> In the face of economic indexes which do not point toward sound recovery, the monetary policies, the credit control schemes and the all-inclusive theory of pump-priming stand discredited on Capitol Hill. . . .
>
> We find, in short, the foundation already laid for a period of stiff political reaction which might seriously endanger not only the methods of the New Deal but its objectives as well. . . . Barring war—and this article isn't worth the paper it's printed on anyway in case of war—a new domestic economic emergency seem unlikely to produce in Congress a wild scramble to the Left, such as took place, for instance, in the notable special session of 1933. That means the road is open only in the opposite direction if panicky legislators must drive at full speed.

The liberal-laissez-faire theories are coldly presented by *The Watch Dog,* publication of the National Economy League:

> Goods and services for the satisfaction of human wants will continue to be produced and utilized up to the point of the profitable production of the last unit made. . . . Overproduction and over-capacity are most pronounced when producers cannot sell their output at prices in relation to production costs, which will yield a net return. . . . It is the maladjustment period of the depression which is so hard to understand. It is a bitter pill to swallow. . . . Each factor (land, labor and capital) is unconsciously competing with each other for supremacy but the proportional relation of their utilization is only in terms of the respective profitableness of each factor. Eventually, however, the solution of this knotty problem lies within the realm of *price.* Supply and demand or both in relation to price will ultimately move consistently in the direction of restoring economic balance. Price is largely a problem of costs. If costs can be reduced, then, prices and production can be relied upon to do their part. . . . What is needed at the present time is a better understanding of price and cost relationships affecting supply and demand, and a restoration of sufficient confidence in economic law to enforce their practical relation.

An elaboration of this deflationary doctrine appears on another page:

> Starting with the notion that there are no economic laws, and that value is nothing but the heart's desire, the administration has refused to count the cost. . . . In lieu of the automatic equilibrium of demand and supply forces in markets, therefore, the administration falls back upon "social planning." It can't rely on individual motivation, for individuals have to count costs and pay bills. So it relies upon coercive control.

According to this idea, interferences with supply and demand, with the costs of labor, land and capital, should be junked. Mr. Mark Sullivan, able columnist of the conservative school, lists seven "barriers to recovery" which apparently interfere with the "automatic balance" of the markets:

> (1) Continued spending by government in excess of receipts.
>
> (2) Two forms of tax, the capital gains tax and the undistributed profits tax. It is not the amount of these taxes that is fatal—the amount is small, relative to the total of taxes generally. The danger in these two taxes is the impediment, the brake they put on business.
>
> (3) Triple-A.
>
> (4) The Works Progress Administration, as now operated. It is not the amount of money spent on the WPA that is the primary danger. The primary danger is the practise of the WPA in giving to persons dependent on it a slightly better standard of living than is received by persons dependent on private employment, on the economic level just above the WPA.
>
> (5) The national labor relations act.
>
> (6) Large unemployment.
>
> (7) A state of mind on the part of some in quarters within the government which says, in effect, "The private ownership system is pretty sick; why not let it die?"

The advance of new investment is everywhere recognized as a necessity. The Leonard P. Ayres service points out that:

> During the past four years the available records of the inflow of new funds into our economic system have furnished a pretty good forecaster of general business activity about four months ahead.

The three principal sorts of new funds are federal government pump-priming funds, securities of states, municipalities and other non-federal governmental divisions and securities of corporations. The conclusions drawn are:

> Present indications are that general business activity is likely to remain at not far from the present levels during the the second quarter of this year. The least reassuring factor in the situation is that the black area representing corporate issues has narrowed down, reflecting the fact that private enterprise is not now contributing much to the flow of new funds.

The flow of new funds is a problem taken up in a recent release of the Brookings Institution:

> The existing taxation system must be substantially modified before an adequate flow of investment money into private enterprise can be expected. . . . The report makes specific recommendations for federal tax changes, among them being the disregarding of capital gains and losses, abolition of tax on inter-corporate dividends and substantial reduction in surtax rates in the upper brackets. It recom-

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mends that social security taxes be reduced and old age annuities be financed on a pay-as-you-go basis rather than by the accumulation of a huge reserve.

Many observers believe a lifting of the war scare would result in a quick economic advance. Thus, *Business Week:*

> The situation, however, contains the materials which could make for a rapid upturn if given a chance. A considerable volume of new corporate financing has been postponed, but is all ready to put on the market when the outlook improves at all. Commercial loans of the banks have been creeping up for the past eight weeks. Demand deposits of reporting member banks, which had been practically level for three months, have jumped sensationally in the last two weeks.

In the widely different *Nation,* Keith Hutchison reports:

> Today war scares have checked a spring improvement in business of which there were hopeful signs in early March. . . . Fortunately there are other factors which should cause an early stand. [Notice these include other than the deflationary items looked for by the most conservative.] There is no credit strain; on the contrary, money is superabundant. Government spending still helps maintain consumption and provides a cushion for the investment industries. Housing is going ahead. Inventories are low. Failing war, the economic results of which for this country are unpredictable, we shall probably avoid any major business setback and may find renewed recovery later in the year. But thanks to the dictators and to Wall Street, which magnifies every adverse happening, we have been robbed of the economic promise of spring.

The fascist critique proposes that both the liberal-democratic school of the New Deal and the laissez-faire liberals of the deflationary school are equally futile. An article by Lawrence Dennis in the *Examiner* propounds this theory:

> Belatedly the New Dealers are recognizing that their problem is to induce a recovery which is not spontaneously self-generating rather than to effect reforms. But recognition of this problem also confronts liberals with another dilemma: a sound capitalism which needs government induction of recovery indicates revolutionary changes that will not fit within the framework of liberal principles, not to mention the American Constitution. . . .
>
> It will matter little whether the American people in 1940 shift temporarily from the horn of unsuccessful interventionism to the horn of catastrophic deflation, except that capitalist collapse will be accelerated more by a brief spell of orthodox deflation than by the failures of interventionism. If we know from the record of the past six years of the New Deal that interventionism won't work, we know equally well from Mr. Hoover's last three years in office that deflation and economic orthodoxy won't work either, and that deflation will bring on total collapse more quickly than any conceivable brand of empirical interventionism. It is a case of "heads Fascism wins and tails democracy loses." . . . We now live in an era of population decline and economic contraction. In such an era, the choices are (1) activity through socialism or war and (2) stagnation followed by collapse. Either choice will prove fatal to democracy. That is its present dilemma the world over.

Such a view, however sharply it puts the problem up to us, leaves many terms undefined, and takes much for granted. First, what are the boundaries of "interventionism"? When is it superficial and ineffectual, and where does it become a means of real structural change? What is the relationship between acceptable democracy and economic laissez-faire? What makes a period one of "economic contraction"? Is that coin that is being flipped genuine currency or a plug nickel? Is "Fascism" conceived of here as "socialism" or "war" or "stagnation" and "collapse"—the only alternatives offered at the end? Are there other alternatives not now receiving adequate publicity?

Rising Sun—or Setting?

WITH the American fleet returning to the Pacific and new signs of increased Chinese resistance, can Rome and Berlin count on any active assistance from Japan in case of a European struggle? Reports of the past few weeks have raised hopes that China is making decided improvements in her defensive position. The *Nation* is much of this opinion:

> China appears to have made the greater gains. Three Japanese-controlled railroads have been cut, and Chinese troops are once more reported on the outskirts of Canton. For the first time during the war the Chinese are displaying capacity for a sustained offensive. . . . We are also seeing for the first time evidence of coordination between the Chinese armies in different sections of the country. . . . The Chinese staff work is incomparably better than in the early months of the war.

In discussing Japan's transference of large numbers of troops to Manchukuo in anticipation of trouble with the Soviet, *Newsweek* emphasizes that:

> China has used the breathing spell to build up a war industry in the unconquered west and to reorganize the army. Already a busy industrial district, including blast furnaces, steel mills, oil refineries and munitions works, is growing up in the hitherto backward country around Chungking.

The St. Louis *Post Dispatch* ran a page of pictures of China's new army and says:

> Near the wartime capital, Chungking, 200,000 young Chinese troops are being trained. Because of the large reservoir of man power, the army can take its pick of candidates. Prussian discipline prevails. The troops, well equipped and smart in appearance, are being taught all the tricks of fighting. The men are indoctrinated with patriotic fervor. They are schooled to be polite to citizens, so as to earn the respect of the population, a sharp contrast from the traditionally rude behavior of Chinese soldiery. If the Chinese succeed in supplying the new crack troops with the artillery, tank guns and airplane support in which they have been sadly lacking, it will be a powerful striking force.

Edgar Snow, who might be suspected of being a trifle biased, has shown great interest in China's armies. It will be remembered that he is the author of "Red Star Over China," in which he drew popular attention to the Eighth Route Army. He is now writing a series of articles, again on the Sino-Japanese war, for *Asia.* This time he discusses the New Fourth Army that was organized in the spring of 1938 by the Kiansi-Fukien Communists under the command of Han Ying. This army has only primitive training bases and can only arm half of its 70,000 men. Edgar Snow continues:

> But compared to difficulties overcome in the past, these troubles seem to the southern Communists not insuperable. They have never fought as mercenaries; they are willing today to forego wages in order to buy weapons for their unarmed comrades. . . .
>
> Like the Eighth Route Army, the New Fourth is nowhere trying to impose Communism or a Communist dictatorship, but calls upon all patriotic elements, all classes, for alliance and support. To this appeal many non-Communist organizations, like the national salvation associations, the student unions, the Red Cross and even foreign missions, have responded. One of its most hopeful enterprises, and one

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strongly supported by patriotic Chinese and foreign sympathizers, is the establishment of numerous industrial cooperatives, in an attempt to restore production and solve village unemployment problems.

The *Christian Science Monitor* comments on the change of the general attitude of the Chinese people toward their army:

> It would be a grave error to imply that everyone in China wants to join the army. The average soldier is still a coolie, and boys of good family seek "special jobs"—as they tend to in some other countries. About the only type of strictly military work in which the best families take part is aviation, and in the aviation corps there has been a tendency to nurse along lads without flying ability simply because they came with strong family connections. Nevertheless the general attitude toward military service has undergone revolutionary alterations and this dates back to before the present hostilities.

Japan has come to realize that China's allies are sending in a continuous flow of money and materials. *Time* comments as follows:

> What presumably made Japan conscious of China's allies was the announcement last week from London that Britain was earmarking $15,000,000 for a loan to Nationalist China. This was the latest of a long series of loans which have bolstered China's economy. Britain had previously loaned $2,500,000 and $25,000,000. The U. S. put up $25,000,000 last December. Fortnight ago Finance Minister H. H. Kung announced that a Belgian firm had agreed to a $100,000,000 loan and that Russia may help soon with a "huge" one. Japan, on the other hand, has not been able to wring a single yen from her busy but broke allies, Germany and Italy.

The Manchester *Guardian,* in a dispatch by Aylwin Hogg, compares the morale of the two countries:

> But whereas in all parts of China war enthusiasm is on the up-grade and constantly receives new fillip, in isolated Japan one gets the impression that morale is going stale. The women are getting as tired of spending the day on draughty railway platforms as their husbands are of cold meals. Enormously swollen takings in the pleasure sections and geisha quarters give the lie to the national campaign for equal sacrifice and the simple life. Widespread corruption in the distribution of ration tickets for an increasing number of commodities furthers the rot. From abroad the Japanese people have just been let into the secret that even the United States is against them. Like Chiang Kai-shek's retreat to the west, this is considered most unfair. But it hurts terribly.

However, while many sources believe that China's position is improving, other sources still see in Japan tremendous reserved power, both in men and in materials. She has just passed a new conscription law which, when in operation, will give her a standing army of 800,000 men. The New York *Times* in a dispatch by Hugh Byas says:

> It is scarcely conceivable that any war in which Japan is likely to be engaged would require her to mobilize 6,000,000 men, and her economic structure could not at present stand such a strain, but a widely spread reserve, including every physically fit man in the nation, would allow her to place large forces in the field without disorganizing industry. . . . It is believed that most of the troops now in China are young soldiers, the seasoned formations being for the most part stationed in Manchukuo as a precaution against a possible Russian attack. It is for the same reason that the reserves at home have not been depleted of their young men. From the beginning . . . the Japanese government has been prepared for Russian intervention and has held strong forces of the best troops in readiness to meet it.

The Manchester *Guardian* believes that Japan is still decidedly on top of the pile. It says editorially:

> In fact it is still highly doubtful whether the Chinese could organize a concerted offensive on all fronts with any chance of success. In certain areas they have taken the initiative for the first time in the war, but there is as yet no real evidence of coordinated action.

William Henry Chamberlin, staff correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor,* is writing a series of twelve articles on the Sino-Japanese War. He says that the pressure exerted along the Manchukuo-Siberian border would have the immediate effect of relaxing the Japanese aggression in China. This and other factors are:

> . . . arguments for Japan to undertake nothing against Russia until it has obtained some kind of satisfactory settlement in China. Civilian officials one meets in Hsinking (Manchukuo) are quick to insist that no war is desired, especially as Manchukuo has its hands full with its five-year plan.

He goes on to say that the Kwantung Army of the Japanese is in a fighting mood and that:

> This mental attitude might prove a source of danger if the Soviet government, reckoning on Japanese preoccupations in China, should tread too heavily on Japanese toes.

From Manchukuo, Chamberlin went to North China where guerrilla warfare is the chief form of Chinese defensive:

> I did not carry away from North China the impression that the guerillas are sufficiently energetic and well-organized to drive the Japanese out of the country. . . . The chief sufferers from the present irregular warfare are the unfortunate Chinese peasants, who must support the guerillas on the one hand and are exposed to merciless reprisals of the Japanese for acts of destruction and sabotage carried out in their districts.

He concludes with a prophecy:

> I am inclined to believe that, barring some unforeseen major outside change in the situation, such as a Russo-Japanese war, the omens in North China point to a gradual increase in stability, with the Chinese peasant's imperious need to live gradually breaking down the boycott of Japanese money and Japanese-controlled territory which the guerillas endeavor to enforce.

With evidence of improved Chinese defense on the one hand, and the determination of Japan to keep up the struggle, it is difficult to predict what the outcome of the war can be. An interesting and possible solution is given by Gregory Bienstock in *The Nineteenth Century:*

> The Pan-Asiatic solution . . . could only be achieved by the overthrow of Russia. . . . The incorporation of Eastern Turkestan and Outer Mongolia in the Japanese sphere of control would threaten Russian domination in South Siberia and Central Asia. There is, however, another possibility, namely the partition of China between Japan and Russia. As things are today this would mean a complete elimination of Russia from the Pacific Coast and thus the conversion of the Sea of Japan into a Japanese inland sea, the relinquishment of the coast territories and possibly also the Amur province to Japan, Russia, however, retaining her lordship over the Mongolian-Turkestan provinces. This would, according to past experience, lead to a stronger pressure of Russia in Central Asia and in the direction of the Indian Ocean.

This last possibility fits in with the Krivitsky article published in the April 29 *Saturday Evening Post,* dealing with Russia's *entente* with Germany, and through Germany, presumably Germany's ally, Japan, too.

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The Stage & Screen

No Time For Comedy

"NO TIME FOR COMEDY" is not perhaps one of Mr. Behrman's most successful comedies, but that doesn't mean that it isn't an amusing play. Mr. Behrman is one of the few American playwrights who can draw cultivated and intellectual men and women without making them seem as if he had learned about them in a correspondence course. While Mr. Behrman's characters rarely have anything important to do, the things they say at least appear important. He has style in his writing, style and urbanity, and the latter is a virtue rare indeed in modern American writers. It is in fact an artistocratic virtue, and all virtues which bear that stamp are frowned upon by our Intellectuals. Oddly enough Mr. Behrman's art is essentially intellectual, which all goes to show that when we use the word with a capital "I" the people to whom we apply it really deserve it only in a slightly Pickwickian sense. Mr. Behrman is then both intellectually and emotionally an aristocrat. He possesses tolerance, good-breeding, balance, wit. He can see all sides of a question, and express them if not with equal fervor, at least with equal poignancy. This annoys both the youthful and the fanatic. They want a playwright to hoist his flag on the barricades; but Mr. Behrman, while realizing that there are barricades, refuses to hoist any flag at all, except the flag of live-and-let-live. In an age and a land where overstatement rules the roost we can be very grateful to him. Mr. Behrman is a civilized man, even though a slightly tired one.

His latest play has not the variety of subject or character which "Biography" or "End of Summer" possessed, but none the less there is in it much good talk. Its story is as old as any in modern comedy—a wife by her understanding and good sense rescues her husband from the enthusiasms of another woman who wants to inspire his genius. How many plays have had that theme! But under Mr. Behrman's touch the dialogue at least glows with a renewed brilliancy. The play will not bore you. The wife is played by Katherine Cornell, played with charm and sincerity if not with wit. More perfectly cast are Laurence Olivier as the husband and John Williams as the husband of the other woman. Mr. Olivier in his variety, change of mood and infectious personality is ideal for the part, while Mr. Williams as the slightly mordant business man couldn't have been bettered. The same too should be said for Robert Flemyng in a part which ought to have been made more important by the author. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

Mexicana

"MEXICANA" is a review sponsored by the Mexican government and played by Mexican artists. It is rather uneven. The short humorous numbers are very good indeed, but the more serious ones are inclined to become monotonous. It is evident the Mexican government has much to learn in the realm of art, as it has in the realm of morals. And yet despite this, and despite the fact that the music is all very reminiscent, you will be able to laugh at much of the fun, and find beauty in some of the numbers. (At the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

"— This Dark World and Wide"

WITH THE laurels of her second Academy award still green, Bette Davis makes a strong bid for the 1939 Oscar with her superlative performance in "Dark Victory." One is forced to say "Great cinema acting," for Miss Davis's portrayal of Judith Traherne, the willful, unsettled, Long Island heiress who finally submits to an intricate brain operation, only to learn when she thinks she is well and has a full life before her that she can live a short ten months. Some will accuse director Edmund Golding of prolonging the last half of "Dark Victory" in order to make a modern tear jerker. In reality the ending seems long only in contrast to the speed and unstrung nervousness of the movie's opening. Miss Davis sets the pace first with her portrait of unreasonably fast living, then with her giddiness in the office of the brain specialist, with her happiness in her love for this doctor, then with her bleary drunkenness after the discovery, then with her mad, jerky speed again in her hurry to live fully and quickly (tick-tick-tick-time-doesn't-sleep) and then slowly and calmly after she leaves her social set and retreats with her doctor-husband to wait for and accept blindness and death. Bette Davis's achievement is all the greater when one considers what little material this story offers for a movie. A fine cast give the star excellent support, especially Geraldine Fitzgerald, Humphrey Bogart and George Brent. Yes, Mr. Brent proves that he can unbend and act as the doctor who helps the sick girl prepare for victory over darkness.

One gets a vague idea from "Union Pacific" that this line was built to the tune of "I've Been Working on the Railroad." However the picture has sincerity and restraint, and gives the Irish full credit for their hard work that won out over all obstacles. Spectacular, without being too colossal for belief, and warmly human, without losing sight of its panoramic sweep, "Union Pacific" is a triumph for producer-director Cecil B. De Mille. He has assembled a good cast, directed some grand mob scenes and given enough detailed attention in several minor episodes to make one forgive him for the silly sequence with the hero and heroine among the buffalo and the prolonged, childish Indian raid on the train. The story, which is skillfully woven among excellent shots of railroad building in the great open spaces and historical post-Civil War scenes, concerns Joel McCrea who fights to keep peace along the right of way and who loves Barbara Stanwyck, the beautiful, Catholic daughter of the Irish engineer, J. M. Kerrigan. Plotting politicians, wealthy Henry Kolker, gamblers who fleece the poor Irish, revengeful Indians and wintery weather are against Joel; but he succeeds with the help of Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman and thousands of workers, engineers

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and soldiers. The plot gets worked rather hard by the villainies of Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston, but by the time the golden spike is driven, we are ready for Joel's and Barbara's happiness and the finale shot of a streamlined train tearing like mad through the West.

It's a treat to see a movie about a bunch of Tenth Avenue kids in which the hero is a good, straightforward lad and remains so in spite of his poor surroundings, adverse conditions, evil influences and a gangster brother who wants to put him through college. Jackie Cooper is the boy who doesn't weaken; and "Streets of New York" proves that such a picture can have a punch without aid from the Dead End Kids. The film, directed by William Nigh, tells a simple and interesting story in which Jackie supports himself and a crippled youngster by running a newsstand; he studies law at night school, and when the big moment comes, he refuses to harbor his crooked brother. It gets a bit maudlin during a sentimental Christmas scene, but Jackie Cooper and little Martin Spellman keep the picture from being too soft.

At the opposite pole from this optimism is the pessimism of "Back Door to Heaven." This film, made on a small budget for serious minded adults, reaches a new high point in hopelessness and helplessness. Unfortunately too many loose ends keep you asking why and how. But it has the kind of an unadorned, realistic story that in real life frequently does make you ask why and how. On graduation day a group of small town children present stunts that are typical of what they want to be when they grow up. Lawyer, artist, musician, banker, singer—and little Frankie, the son of a drunken father and hard working mother, plays the harmonica he stole the night before. After the exercises, Frankie is sent to a reformatory—to a reformatory for stealing $8.70 and a harmonica. Years later, Frankie is in prison; and only one of his schoolmates has succeeded—the banker. Shortly after Frankie is released with a couple of his pals, he is implicated in a murder; and the lawyer schoolmate is unable to save him even with his effective speech about this man who had never harmed anyone. Frankie escapes from jail in time to attend his class reunion. This is all pretty somber, but with production, direction and original story by William K. Howard, it has unity, startling quietness and many fine touches. Aline McMahon, Jimmy Lydon, Wallace Ford, Bert Frohman, Stuart Erwin, Patricia Ellis and Van Heflin turn in noteworthy performances.

If you want a little gay nonsense that will temporarily make you forget your troubles, I recommend Bing Crosby's "East Side of Heaven." It has nothing much in the way of story, but it does have a glow and a chuckle in its playing and treatment that leave you contented. Its prize jewel is a ten-months-old baby, Sandy Henville, who gurgles as Bing croons and who stares as Mischa Auer goes through his inanities. And the baby really has something to coo about; for whenever director David Butler remembered to stop worrying about the plot, Bing sings some good songs in his best light-hearted manner, Mischa clowns around with some clever lines, and Joan Blondell leads a supporting cast that has a good time in contributing to the fun.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

A Nest of American Problems

Democracy Works, by Arthur Garfield Hays. New York: Random House. $3.00.

MR. HAYS has furnished a delightful discussion of our past, present and possible future. While it attempts to be unbiased, it is evidently not intended to be deeply penetrative or philosophically analytical. The author's marvelous facility of expression and his constant resort to illustration and colorful phrases will hold a reader's attention throughout. It is a book that can be read and appreciated by the coal miner, the bank clerk or the capitalist.

Being a "liberal" according to his own designation, and a middle-of-the-roader, his treatment of capitalism *vs.* socialism, technological improvements, labor movements, government finance and extended functions, production, distribution, etc., is not that of an observer and bystander, but rather that of one who sees the good with the bad and wishes to extract the former without the latter.

The author proves to be a most elusive individual when one seeks to pin a tag on him. Neither a capitalist nor a socialist, swinging artfully from side to side, it is nevertheless my considered judgment that he is, whether unconsciously, subconsciously or otherwise, a collectivist of true stamp and color and one who is not opposed to nor afraid of socialism ultimately.

Inconsistencies crop out on occasion, which while not perhaps too numerous, are of vital consequence. Bureaucracy is a dreadful thing, with which I agree, and will consume rights of the people with devastating effect; yet government is to expand and keep expanding its functions, taking over this activity and that program of development whenever private initiative falters. Again the solution of many or most of our problems lies not in taking from the rich and giving to the poor, but rather in making everybody richer. But anon he pleads that while wealth in itself is harmless, the resultant power is to be feared and not tolerated.

Omissions while serious are understandable in the light of the enormous scope of the book. Perhaps the most serious was the failure to consider the causes and effects of the increased employment of women, particularly in the post-war period, and in general the problem of woman as an employable group. Naïveté, as it emerges here and there in his treatment of government finance and the budget, and again in estimating communistic influence by the number of ballots, if not quite understandable, is forgivable.

Less understandable and forgivable are inaccuracies and errors. The author's statistical comparison of Germany and Great Britain as of 1929 and the present is a flagrant case. Again it is beyond comprehension how Mr. Hays, as one of the leading legal defenders of rights, could have used the "clear and present danger" criterion of the Schenck case, instead of the broader and infinitely more important finding in the later Gitlow case. The accusation that the Catholic Church pays only lip service to what he terms humanitarian "new deals" is to be both deplored and condemned. It might be well for Mr. Hays as an irreligionist to devote a little time and study to what "religionists" believe and endeavor to accomplish.

MAURICE I. HART.

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American Earth, by Carelton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.00.

THE IMPRINT which the American system of social organization is leaving on the rich qualities of the soil within which it has grown is the urgent problem to which Mr. Beals has addressed himself in this book. This problem has long been a theme of sociologists; concrete studies on special aspects of it, supplemented by research carried on by Departments of Agriculture, Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations are gradually giving it very definite scientific form. Mr. Beal's treatment is general rather than special and is divided into two parts.

Part I is an historical survey of the social effects of the process of exploitation involved in the conquest of the soil from the Indians and the expansion of the American frontier. Our cultural and social heritage has its roots in the graves of a people who never had a decent chance to prove their worth in matters of social organization and, as Mr. Beals rightly points out, "conquering the Indian has done something to us as a nation and a people." Even though the frontier has disappeared, the process of exploitation through which it disappeared is still with us in another form. Iron-clad monopolies in land, cattle, timber, fur and so forth are such forms and the ever increasing amount of waste connected with them is discussed in part II under the following typical headings: "The Great Flood," "Fur Empire," "Black Alabama," "Red Clay," "Georgia; the Swan Song of Utopia." Mr. Beals claims that the depletion of plant food and extensive land resources in the Black Belt of Georgia and Alabama "has been paralleled by the deterioration of the people and the decay of social institutions, the breakdown of whole communities, the crumbling of education, group services, health and much of the decay in many human relations." This is one of the many questionable generalizations appearing in an otherwise suggestive and stirring book on the elusive subject of social progress on one part of the earth. WILLIAM J. LEEN.

Machines Over Men, by Raymond F. Yates. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

AN AMAZING list of automatic devices is spread before the reader of this book. Not many are described in any detail, however, and the reader must know something of modern electrical and radio engineering in order to understand the manner in which they function.

The first chapter outlines the development from the crude machines of early days, through the present day refinements, which certainly approach the limits of what can be done by mechanical means; and then proceeds to the marvels that can be performed with electricity, sound and light. These can be used to count, to control and direct mechanical devices, to amplify small effects. They introduce the true robot, the machine that operates without direct human control and does the work of selecting far better than man can do it with his crude senses and slow reaction time.

The author, wisely enough, does not enter into an extended discussion of the economic results of these inventions, or of the many others which will inevitably come, but he says enough to make the worker shudder as he wonders what will be left for him to do. It is easy to follow along and to believe that the electronic devices do actually hear and see, but the reader must realize that this is not so. Man's senses react in certain ways to specific stimulae, and man's mind can utilize natural forces that will also react and record the reactions better than he can do. But it is still up to him to see and to interpret what he sees.

After all it was man who thought up these devices, invented or discovered them, and, so long as this is true, the title of this book should be reversed to read "Men Over Machines." The fallacy that underlies the oft-repeated fear that man must succumb to machines of his own making is a dangerous fallacy only so long as man persists in thinking of himself as a machine. If this were true, a better, more accurate machine might overpower him. But let man look after his spiritual side first, serve God and love his neighbor; then he can be sure that no machine which he can invent and no natural force which he can discover and harness to his use will be superior to him. If he prefers to build his economic and political systems on a purely material basis, he may well recoil before the picture of economic disruption implicit in this book. WILLIAM M. AGAR.

America Reborn, by Ralph L. Woods. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.00.

ANY DISTRIBUTIST or decentralist who desires, factual information to back up his contentions and philosophy should have a copy of Woods's "America Reborn" within easy reach. Herein we find what many of us have been gathering piecemeal and referring to after a laborious search among faded clippings.

The historical diagnosis of megalopolism, of industrial and commercial elephantism and of levantism are to be found in Part I, Chapters I-III. Do you know that: 93.2 percent of woolens and worsted; 94.4 percent of electrical machinery, equipment and supplies; 96 percent of hardware, etc., etc. are manufactured within 14 percent of our nation's area? Are you surprised to learn that while 41 is the average population density per square mile in the United States, Rhode Island has 644.3; New Jersey, 537.8; and even extensive New York, 262.4?

The second part analyzes the social results and the economic wastes resulting from centralization. The inefficiency of American efficiency is here laid bare. The man-made machine has been invented and developed to benefit man, but its effect has been to make a machine out of man. We aimed to avoid drudgery and we have fallen into the pernicious mechanization of man who, at one time, was reputed to be "a little less than the angels." In the process of saving a step here and there we have added miles to the cycle of production and distribution. One would wish that the author might have gone a little deeper into wealth and credit concentration.

The third part deals with "The Future." Here we find the weakest part of the book, and necessarily so because there is no secure outlook and no prophecy contains the certainty of history. The feasibility of small industrial plants is well presented. The foot in industry and foot on soil pattern of life has not been developed as well or as attractively as one might desire. The appendixes, the footnotes and bibliography are valuable. L. G. LIGUTTI.

American Medicine Mobilizes, by James Rorty. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. $3.00.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: How could you? No self-respecting physician can read such a book as this without a shudder. How shall I review a work that is essentially an attack upon what I have always believed and still believe is the noblest of human professions?

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And I have the added disqualification that I will not poison my mind with these recriminations. Much of what Mr. Rorty says sounds true. Yet who shall say? He dwells upon the Health Survey to the effect that 1,338 counties in the United States are without a general hospital and barely mentions the American Medical Association's counterblast that only 13 counties are more than thirty miles from a general hospital.

Yet who am I to reply, who do not know a fact when I see one, any more than these fellow mortals of mine? I wish all the doctors would read this book, buying up the edition so that no one else could get it. It is what the French call *rafraichissant,* and we doctors need to be "well shaken before taken" just as much as the rest of the world does. The physician, *padre* that he is, tends to be completely surrounded by adoring women.

Must I be serious? Well, the preface starts with a disarming anecdote; then the Introduction and Part I, "Mobilization Day for the Health Movement," introducing "M-Day," *der tag,* a kind of chops-licking over the impending demise of the American Medical Association, an organization which to my certain knowledge has done more for the education of medical men than any body of practitioners in this sorry incompetent world. The government thinks it could do better and is prepared to spend our billions to prove it.

Part II dissects the economics of the American Medical Association. "How It Works and How It Is Paid For," "The State within a State," "The Boycott That Blocked Health Insurance," "The American Medical Association and the Cigarette Business," etc.

In Part III, "Medicine's Unfinished Job," we have Syphilis, Group Hospitalization, Compulsory Health Insurance, and such. The appendices follow; summary of the National Health Program, summary of the Majority Recommendations of the Committee on Costs of Medical Care, Standards of Non-Profit Hospital Care, Insurance Plans and some statistical charts on the costs of sickness at various economic levels.

This work shows sympathy for the practitioner and bitter disillusionment over the organization that dominates medicine in the United States. Doctors must read this sort of thing, however much they disagree with it. Those of them who have served in the army will still know that, however efficient the government scientist and hygienist may be, the independent physician, human as he is, is better trained to exercise the priestly function of the practitioner of medicine than is a government official. When the smoke of battle clears away, the poor will still be paying more than their share for coal, for burial, for sickness. "The quality of mercy is not strained," and a billion minutes have not yet elapsed since the apocalypse was written.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

God's Valley: People and Power along the Tennessee River, by Willson Whitman. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

IT IS significant that all the full-length books about TVA picture it as a great thing. This one does so, both by evidence and by not too acute argument. The argument seems to be largely unconscious, the reflection of a completely orthodox and not very sensitive variety of American "liberalism," identified with a mild and humanitarian social democratic viewpoint. The canvas is too large to permit sufficient details. A bird's-eye view of so large a territory and so vast a project cannot embody

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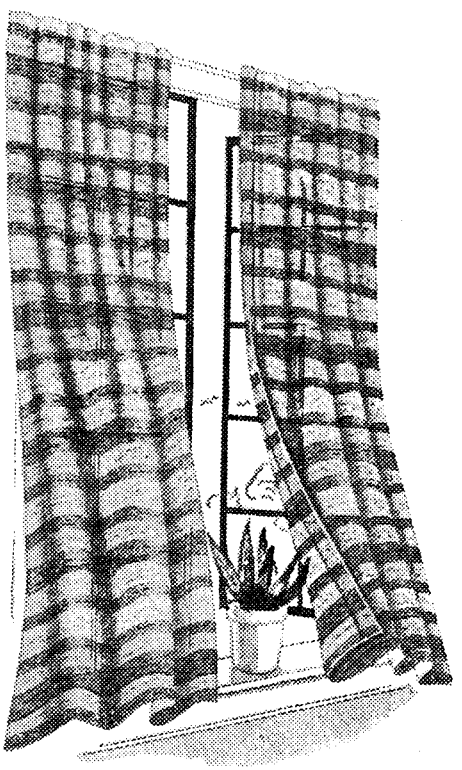

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new material. The author tries too hard to make us understand "the whole thing," and the historical and folk material takes too much room. The style involves an attempt at mountain flavor, so that even when the author writes "unnatural," one is forced to read "un-nachrel." As an introduction to a mighty story, however, Miss Whitman's book serves; it makes the reader want to know more and harder facts about the enterprise and to do what he can for water control and all she shows that involves. P. B.

HISTORY

A Short History of the World Since 1918, *by J. Hampdell Jackson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.00.

THAT THE "peace" of 1919 was no peace and barely a truce is sufficiently evident. The nations spent the breathing spell of twenty years in studying their own mistakes and planning how not to repeat them in the next bout. The curtain is going up on the next act, but no one knows what the drama will be about. The history of the twenty-years' truce would therefore be valuable if anybody had the perspective on the next years to write it. No one has, but still such a history would be useful as a guide to details if written by some one who was careful of facts and as little prejudiced in opinion as possible.

How far Mr. Jackson fulfills those not rigid requirements may best be suggested to American readers by his care in ascertaining the facts in American events. Let us take Alfred E. Smith's nomination for President in 1928. "The Southern States," this careful English historian informs America, "were prepared to back McAdoo, a son-in-law of President Wilson," but "the Eastern States" wanted Smith. "After no less than 103 divisions the party adopted Smith."

No such thing ever happened. McAdoo was not a candidate in 1928 and received no votes. The South had no candidate. The East was divided. Instead of fighting desperately for 103 ballots, Smith won easily in two. This accurate historian has mixed up and then garbled two occurrences in history separated by years in time.

This is cited in order that Americans may size up the measure of this English author's merit as a historian. If he is as useless as that about American history, how far can we trust him on Germany or Japanese history? His cheerful wrongness about America lends doubt at once, for instance, to his recital of the immense benefits communism has conferred on Russia; to his idyllic picture of the Spanish régime Franco has overthrown, the great fault of which régime was its quixotically generous benevolence to the Catholic Church.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Showdown on Vienna, by Martin Fuchs. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons. $3.00.

THE LITERARY MARKET is inundated with books on Austria. No European town had so many born writers and journalists as old Vienna. Martin Fuch's book is distinguished by a high amount of the Viennese light vein and formal art of writing. But like what other recent books on Austria we have seen, this is not an impartial historical study, but a book of resentment and propaganda. It consists of conversations between the more important figures of the story, conversations which are partly documented and partly fictitious. This colorful and impressive book should therefore not be taken as a serious source of information. There is no clean demarcation between matter of fact and conjecture,

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between history and fiction. It is a book abundant with bias and one-sideness.

Herr Fuchs, who claims to have been a personal aid to Chancellor Schuschnigg, was at the same time an agent for Archduke Otto, the 26-year-old pretender to the Austrian throne who lived in Belgium with his ambitious mother, the Ex-Empress Zita. This immature pretender to the throne is stubbornly called "the Emperor" throughout the book and puffed up by the author as a political genius. "Emperor Otto," Herr Fuchs boldly tells us, "is not one of the statesmen like Schuschnigg or Bruening, weakened by prolonged brain-work; his wealth of political knowledge leads him to sift all problems to the bottom."

Poor Schuschnigg—these were his aides! On one side men like Guido Schmidt, who were inclined to Nazism; on the other sworn adherents of the Hapsburg restoration, like the author of this book. According to him it was Schuschnigg's basic mistake not to surrender his leadership to the "Emperor." The whole book is written in proof of this thesis. The characters of the legitimists are lily-white, while all who are inclined toward a greater Germany seem Stygian-black. Schuschnigg himself consequently is painted in in-between gray. When Schuschnigg was made a prisoner, Fuchs gives the final indication of his resentment at his chief's anti-Hapsburg attitude: "The Emperor was right," the ex-chancellor ostensibly murmured to himself!

The author has a great talent for fitting together circumstances to favor his monarchist illusions. His argument is based on the notorious error that at the beginning of 1938 Germany was not yet ready for war and that Austria would have been able to resist a long time, even without outside help. The military power, which Hitler indeed used as a bluff in Berchtesgarden, was nevertheless a very real thing—in any case more than strong enough to crush a little country which was no longer under Mussolini's protection and without reasonable hope of France's and Great Britain's assistance. Fuchs claims that the legitimists would have been able to take over Austria even after the Berchtesgarden ultimatum. This is nothing but wishful thinking. Strange enough how even such a highly gifted author can be mislead by his personal inclination!

C. O. CLEVELAND.

Schacht: Hitler's Magician, by Norbert Muhlen. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. $3.00.
Hjalmar Schacht: Central Banker, by Karl J. Bapp. Columbia, Missouri: The University of Missouri Studies, Vol XIV, No. 1.

MR. MUHLEN, a veteran scribe of ability, shows that Dr. Hjalmar Schacht—once a Democrat, later a Pan-German and always an opportunist—has engineered one of the greatest exploits in international financial robbery known to the historian of this distraught world. Though no accurate estimates are obtainable of the sums extracted from investors and business people by combining refusal to pay off indebtedness with a determination to seize the capital of others whenever opportunity is given, this book provides an approximately correct summary of deeds which the average American citizen ought to know something about. It is interesting, as books of the same kind seldom are.

We are shown how Dr. Schacht decided in favor of Hitler, and how Hitler then decided in favor of Dr. Schacht. Both were momentous resolutions, both are key-

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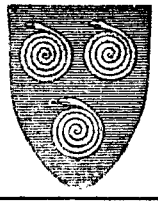
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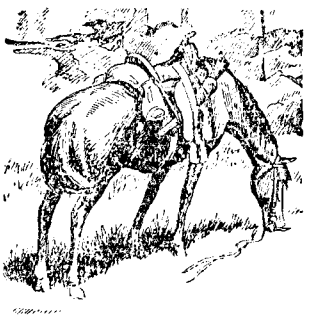

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stones in the edifice of National Socialist success. Schacht did not declare in favor of taking, without further ado, the huge sums invested in republican Germany by an immense number of common people the world over who assumed that a Teuton's word was as good as his bond. He simply regretted the necessity—temporary necessity, as he termed it—of the moratorium. Then, because investors big and little continued to hope that in a little while the bread they had cast upon the waters would come back again, nobody did anything serious to fight off Hitler. The rearmament proceeded merrily. Indeed, it was financed in large measure by further expropriations, either of merchants who found themselves unable to collect what was due them for goods and services or of gullible investors. Finally even the Schacht methods could not satisfy the master of the Third Reich. The great men retired to private life.

It is strange but true that Schacht was no sleight-of-hand performer. Virtually all the tricks he performed were transparent. Yet there were many who continued to think him a great man—and to find something plausible in every suggestion he made. The Western world was tragically unprepared for lessons in the psychology of Nazism. It does not even yet understand what this side of Germany really is.

Dr. Bapp's study is primarily an estimate of Schacht's achievement; written by an American observer, it has the advantages of detachment. But though it wrestles with the facts, it does not attain to complete mastery of them.

G. N. SHUSTER.

PHILOSOPHY

Orestes A. Brownson: A Pilgrim's Progress, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

IT WAS LACORDAIRE who defined the great soul as one who "perceives the needs of his time, and dedicates his life to them." Orestes Augustus Brownson, philosopher, master of Catholic apologetics, patriot and logician of the first order, was certainly a great soul. That Brownson deserves to be better known than he is today is admitted by any one who has seriously studied his works. It is regrettable, and not without scandal, that students in our Catholic schools will frequently be familiar with Emerson, in many respects a lesser man, but will have never heard of his contemporary, Brownson.

We have long needed a work that would accurately depict the life of Brownson and that would provide an introduction to his thought. Mr. Schlesinger's volume fulfills these purposes to a high—if we cannot say to a perfect—degree. Herein is a careful and sympathetic account of Brownson's career, the saga of a man whose turbulent life seems to have been dominated by one ideal, namely, the love of truth, together with the willingness to sacrifice everything else for it. Brownson's fortunes as agnostic and as Protestant; his participation in the social and political movements of his time; his association with many of the prominent men of his age, both at home and abroad; the development of his thought in the spheres of speculative and practical philosophy; his personal traits —all these points are treated with considerable objectivity and understanding. And these same qualities characterize the author's study of Brownson as the foremost Catholic layman of his day, after his admission into the Church in 1844. As a Catholic, Brownson found that deep peace for which he had sought so long, though this

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period of his life was not free from its trials arising from conflicts with his co-religionists, both clerical and lay.

One might quarrel at times with the author's judgments upon various aspects of Brownson's thought. It is astonishing to read, for example, that Brownson grew to distrust logic because it cannot, in Brownson's view, produce faith, but simply remove the obstacles to assent (p. 291). This is elementary Catholic teaching. One regrets that the author has not seen fit to emphasize the permanent value of much which Brownson wrote. It is a serious mistake to believe that Brownson is a figure of historical interest merely, or that he is of value to the modern mind only as a model of unswerving fidelity to truth as he saw it. The world, so innocent today of Aristotelian logic, could profit much from a study of Brownson's rigorous method of thinking. Catholics will find rich treasures in Brownson's militant defense of the Church he loved. And Americans generally could meditate with profit upon the principles expounded in his "American Republic." The book is well written. There is an unfortunate confusion of "Ontology" with "Ontologism" in the index. FRANCIS E. MCMAHON.

A Companion to the Summa, by Walter Farrell, O.P., New York: Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

THIS is a kind of guide-book, written in simple, non-technical language, to the first part of the second part of the "Summa Theologica" of Saint Thomas. This is the part of the "Summa" which deals with the pursuit of happiness by man: a problem which entails a treatment of the very important notions of the meaning of morality in general, the habits and the virtues, the working in man of the twin powers of will and intellect, the meaning of love and grace, the relation of man to his Creator.

The work here reviewed is the second of a series of four volumes (though it is the first to be published) which will cover the whole "Summa" of Saint Thomas. According to the author this commentary on the work of Saint Thomas is not intended as a text-book or a work for advanced philosophers, but for the intelligent layman not yet acquainted with Saint Thomas. Father Farrell has succeeded admirably in achieving his announced intention. He has produced a work which follows Saint Thomas faithfully, but which is much more than a simple paraphrase of the "Summa." The order and arrangement is that of Saint Thomas, but the language and wealth of illustrative detail is that of Father Farrell.

An occasional criticism suggests itself. Father Farrell sometimes tries to prove too much by reason, with the result that sometimes his conclusions, though advanced as rationally demonstrated, rest on little more than suggestive metaphor. Examples and illustrations are sometimes multiplied unnecessarily. And also it seems to this reader that Father Farrell is too sweeping and uncritical in his denunciation of non-Catholic philosophies as atheistic and worthless. Surely this is untrue to the spirit of Saint Thomas himself, who took truth where he found it. And really there has been some progress, in detail at least, since the thirteenth century in the analysis and understanding of man's passions and emotions.

These are minor faults, however, and the fact remains that Father Farrell has done well what he set out to do. He has written a simple, attractive, exposition of the work of Saint Thomas which should serve to lead the reader to the riches of Saint Thomas himself.

DANIEL SULLIVAN.

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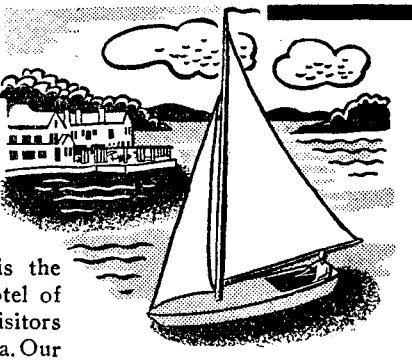

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The Inner Forum

A EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS in Algiers has been drawing the attention of French Catholics to African Christianity, a subject which is particularly close to the hearts of all Frenchmen, even those who are not especially faithful in their religious practise. For Africa in the last two generations has produced two French Catholics universally esteemed in their own country: Ernest Psichari and Charles de Foucauld. The latter is so esteemed that there is an active process for his canonization under way. Both men wrote with distinction; both were free-thinkers converted in the desert; both were army officers; and both epitomize the French pattern of soldier-becoming-mystic, of which Saint Louis is the great prototype.

Charles de Foucauld eventually became a priest and a missionary in the land which brought him the Faith, the land of burning sun and thirst and human misery. There has just been opened at the clerical sanatorium at Thorenc, near Grasse, France, an extensive exhibition of *Foucauldiana*—the figure of the Sacred Heart designed by Father de Foucauld himself for use behind the high altar of his chapel at Beni-Abbes, two other paintings and two banners also the work of this versatile man, his breviary, with its inscription: "Always live today as though you will die a martyr tomorrow."

Interest in these two figures, both so intimately associated with the North African mission, is beginning in the United States. Early publication is announced of an interpretative study of Ernest Psichari by an American, Wallace Fowlie. And the eucharistic congress at Algiers has given occasion for a leading article in *Temps Présent* by Joseph Folliet, on "Christian Africa." He points out what is often forgotten—that Africa is itself the seat of a historic Christianity. It is a region which produced martyrs and saints and doctors. We are likely to forget that Tertullian was an African, and Saint Augustine also; despite Mohammedan conquest, Christianity did not completely die out in North Africa; some of the popular superstitions of our own day are the same as those which so aroused the anger of Saint Augustine nearly sixteen centuries ago.

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